

From the Times and its Paris Correspondent.

THE QUEEN AND THE EMPEROR.

London, 18th, Aug. Saturday.

VARIOUS and checkered beyond the ordinary lot of those spots of earth which man has chosen for his habitation have been the destinies of Paris. The mud village of Julian the Apostate was not more different from the pompous capital of Louis XVI., nor that capital from the beautiful city that now spreads itself over the valley of the Seine, than are the circumstances of this day from any which have preceded them during the long annals of French and English history. English Kings have, ere now, swept along the streets of Paris, but they came to claim a kingdom which they could not hold, or in triumph for victories to be speedily and bloodily avenged. It is a curious fact, that never since France was consolidated into one nation—and before that time Paris had no right to the title of the capital of France—has an English monarch entered her gates in peace. Henry V. went there, indeed, to celebrate his shortlived triumph, and Henry VI. to assume a crown, which soon glided from his nerveless grasp. Charles II. was there as an exile and a fugitive, and James II. concluded his dishonored life under the shelter of the power of the Grand Monarch. Now at last, in the fulness of time, we witness a spectacle which our rugged forefathers probably never desired, and which we, however anxious, could never have hoped to see—the interchange of offices of the most cordial friendship, marking not only the sincerity of individual regard, but the union of two great nations never hitherto wont to interchange other courtesies than those which diversified the brief intervals of a conflict extending, with little intermission, over a period of eight hundred years. Ten years ago indeed Queen Victoria met at the Chateau d'Eu the then Sovereign of France, but the happy omens of that day were clouded shortly after by events which, though they did not shake the amity of the two nations, introduced a coldness between the two Royal families never wholly removed during the remaining days of the dynasty of Orleans. It is with no such misgivings that Queen Victoria goes to return the visit so Royally paid to her a few months ago by the present Emperor of France. The energetic support which France has so nobly and unflinchingly lent us in so many common dangers; the vigor and good faith with which she has performed all, and more than all, which could

be expected of her by the most exacting ally; the noble and magnanimous policy which her Emperor has pursued in the face of all Europe, and in marked contradistinction to all its other Imperial rulers, forbid us for a moment to entertain the idea that the time will ever come when so much common glory, so much mutual esteem, will be forgotten, and the days of old jealousies and animosities return upon us.

It were curious to speculate with what feelings and with what emotions the illustrious lady who will this day enter Paris will view that beautiful capital of which she must have heard and thought so much, but which alone, amid the brilliant circle in which she moves, she has by her exalted rank been prevented from visiting. The enormous facilities for travelling now possessed by all ranks have introduced a singular anomaly into the position of crowned heads. We do not speak of the petty Princes of Germany, who seem to be forever on the wing from the Court of one patron to that of another, but of Sovereigns like the Queen of England, whose movements are great historic events, not to be lightly undertaken, nor accomplished without the utmost care and forethought. Such personages are singularly placed. Living in the utmost splendor and surrounded by the most dazzling magnificence, they are yet debarred from those spectacles of beauty and grandeur which foreign lands afford, and which are open to so many thousands of their subjects. The taste is formed and its gratification withheld, and it is therefore probable that no one ever entered Paris with a mind more trained to admire its innumerable beauties and attractions, and to appreciate the spectacle so long withheld of an elegance and splendor for which the world knows no parallel, than the Queen of England. The time chosen for the visit is as auspicious as all the accompanying circumstances. The weather is splendid, and the period of the year promises to us as long a continuance of bright suns and blue skies as consists with the variable temperament of a northern climate. Both countries are cheered by the prospect of an abundant harvest, and the gratifying consciousness that their material prosperity is so firmly based that war itself with all its miseries has been unable to shake it; above all, just at this auspicious moment the thick and threatening clouds which have hung so darkly over the commencement of the campaign have rolled away, and success, so long waited for and so coy in her approach, has

come at last in full radiance. From the Baltic and the Black Sea arrive almost simultaneously tidings of two great victories, and what was perhaps, under the circumstances, most to be desired, France has the honor of a share in both, while England can only claim part in one. On the island fortresses of Sweaborg the English and French navies have demolished with incredible ease, and without loss, the arsenals and storehouses in which Russia had treasured up those vials of wrath which she was one day to empty on the heads of her Scandinavian neighbors, and on the banks of the Tchernaya French and Sardinian valor has driven back the fierce attack of Liprandi with little loss, and yet with terrible slaughter.

It is in the moment of triumph, in the first blush of victory, when it is beginning to reward on a scale more commensurate with the merits of the allies so much devotion and so many sacrifices, that Queen Victoria enters Paris a memorable personage, with whom the French nation may associate success and glory, and the idea of a peace which such successes must, one would fondly hope, restore to us. — In this symbolical union of the two peoples, this interchange of acts of courtesy and friendship between the two greatest Sovereigns of the world, we see the germ of a state of things which we cannot contemplate without a feeling of thankfulness that we live in these latter times, and not in those which have gone before us. It is said that between England and America the community of interests and the mutual interchange of the most amicable relations have rendered war impossible: the same state of feeling is rapidly arising between England and France. Their enterprises are assisted by our capital and ours by theirs; we are endeavoring to learn from them their admirable method and wonderful power of organization—they are content to derive from us such improvements as may have been tested by the practical genius of the nation. We are happy to learn from each other without prejudice, without envy, and with only so much rivalry as seems to be inseparable from mutual esteem.

We do not doubt for a moment that Her Majesty will receive to-day at the hands of the people of Paris a salutation as cordial and as gracious as that which met and everywhere accompanied the Emperor and Empress of France in their recent visit to London. While terror and dismay are shaking all souls in St. Petersburg—while the Russian fleet is trembling behind its granite bulwarks at the approach of the victorious allies—and the garrison of Sebastopol is reeling under the blow that it has just received, England and France can find time to keep high holiday, not at the bidding of a despotic tyrant, who forces his people to be gay in order to relieve his terrors

and conceal their despondency,—not at the prompting of a frivolous spirit, which seeks for shows and spectacles to drive away serious thought,—but in the full consciousness that they have solid reason to rejoice in the goodness of their cause, in the union of their counsels, in the success of their arms, in the prospect of an honorable peace, and, above all, in the firm persuasion that they have at last inaugurated an alliance destined, as they hope and believe, to endure as long as the war and discord to which it has so happily succeeded.

PARIS, SATURDAY, Aug. 18, 6 P.M.

It would be difficult to give an exact idea of Paris for the last two days, of the animation, the life, the activity, which pervades every part. Not a railway train arrives from north, east, or south that does not contribute its cargo of human beings to swell the population of the capital, and the stranger who now visits it may, without leaving the Boulevards or the Champs Elysées, see the quaint costumes of various remote provinces. During the live-long day the streets and thoroughfares are thronged with strangers, and at nightfall it requires no small exertion to make your way on the side-paths. The beauty of the weather contributes to swell this ever-moving tide of population, and the wonder is where they can find lodging. As for provisions, they are rapidly reaching a point not far removed from famine price. Classes of industry unknown before rapidly spring up into existence, which do honor to the imagination of the inventor, and I have no doubt fill the pockets of the traders. A company was started some weeks since for the manufacture of French and English flags, for the adornment of private houses, speculative innkeepers, or publicans. Light carts traverse the streets laden with the tricolor and St. George's Cross, which you may have had some days ago for the comparatively moderate cost of 3*f*, but, like every other commodity, they have risen in proportion to the demand. There are few houses from the Porte St. Martin to the Madeleine where those glorious colors are not waving side by side as they wave together on the hills of the Crimea, and as they will soon wave on the ruins of Sebastopol. The alliance with England is expressed in every imaginable form. The wine-shops are particularly zealous in this way. You see inscribed in large letters,—“*Vive l'Empereur*,” “*Vive l'Imperatrice*,” “*Vive la Reine Victoria*,” “*Vive le Prince Albert*,” “*Vivent les petits Princes et les petites Princesses*,” “*Vive l'Alliance Anglaise*,” and “*Vive le Vin et l'Ale*.” This last compliment to the favorite beverage of the countries has more meaning than a superficial observer may suppose. The master of the house is an agent for the sale

of Allsopp's beer, and he is evidently convinced that true patriotism is best exhibited by a large consumption of the national liquors of France and England. He who drinks not is no lover of his country, and a teetotaler is *a priori* a traitor or a Russian in disguise.

The whole of Paris seems suddenly to have acquired a knowledge of the English language, for there is scarcely a shop in which the passer-by is not informed that "English is spoken." This notice of the possession of the vernacular is occasionally of the quaintest kind, or ambiguously worded as the *dicta* of the Delphic oracle. The Englishman who has got through the elements of the tongue may guess its meaning by the help of the corresponding translation in French. But it is not rare to see our new arrivals horribly puzzled when they see on the windows of an eating-house in one of the back streets such notices as this,—"Bisticks. Rosbiff—*English spoken*, et cuit a point." Or, again, in a *Magasin de Modes*, "Dentelles et blondes—*English spoken* avec des broderies superbes." Or, again, "Drab bon marché, presque pour rien—*English spoken*, a 4 francs la mètre." Or "Bon Vin—*English spoken*, a 75 centimes le litre," etc.

During the whole night the sound of the hammer and the saw has not ceased. Structures have arisen everywhere almost with the rapidity of Aladdin's palace, and at one moment the great central thoroughfares seemed as if the days of barricading had again returned. The barricades and arches are there, but how different the purpose! Lofty poles and stately columns, with flags and streamers floating in the air, and tipped with gold, and the multitudes that crowd the public places are no longer wild bands in arms rushing to shed each other's blood. Of the thousands of workmen who are employed to adorn the city and render it worthy the visit of a mighty sovereign many may have figured in other times in other occupations than preparing for the presence of Royalty. The visit of the Queen of England is the seal to that alliance which three short years ago few would have dreamed of. It is an event which will be recorded in future annals as one of the most remarkable of the extraordinary times we live in. The reception prepared for her is not merely an act of courtesy offered by a gallant and chivalrous people to an august lady—it is a political act of the highest importance; it is the approval expressed by an entire people of the policy of its Government, and a new and unmistakable adhesion to the English alliance. While thus welcoming Queen Victoria, France celebrates the reconciliation of two powerful nations who have effaced in the glorious fraternity of arms the last traces of ancient hatred, whose germs are, let us hope, for ever destroyed. Those recollections seem thrown

back even now many centuries. Each people may look back upon them with calmness and with pride, for each finds the record of its own heroism and its own glory. No better occasion could have happened to repair by a cordial association between two of the mightiest Powers of the world the evil that their enmity had brought upon the world. That glorious deed the Emperor of the French and Queen Victoria have accomplished, and posterity will be grateful to them for it.

Lord Clarendon observed the other day in the House of Lords, when alluding to the Union between the two countries, that there was no longer an English Cabinet and a French Cabinet, but one sole Cabinet whose members were deliberating indifferently at one or the other side of the Channel. From this day, when Queen Victoria makes her entry into Paris, it may, I hope, be said with equal truth, that there is but one people.

The *Moniteur* has the following article on the visit of Queen Victoria:—

"It is this day that the Queen of England is to make her entrance into Paris. The presence of Queen Victoria in France will be for the inhabitants of Paris, an occasion for testifying their sentiments of affection and respect for the powerful ally of the Emperor, for that Sovereign, whose vast States do not count less than 200,000,000 of subjects; in this circumstance they will be the interpreters for all the nation; the Queen will find here a welcome not less cordial, not less enthusiastic than that which the Emperor and Empress have received in London. Certainly, one of the most important facts of our epoch, so fertile in great events, will be this visit to Paris of the Queen of England, under the reign of the Emperor Napoleon; this solemn consecration of an alliance now cemented by sufferings and victories in common, and which draw closer still the mutual sympathies of the Sovereigns. What more striking proof of her friendship can England give us than thus to confide to us at one and the same time her well-beloved Sovereign, who is a brilliant example on the throne of every virtue, and the young Prince who is to succeed her? France will worthily reply to this loyal confidence. The welcome given to the Queen of Great Britain will be addressed also to the august spouse so intimately associated with her high destinies, and who, by the rare qualities of his mind and by his noble character, has known how to conciliate the esteem and affection of the English nation. From the eagerness which is manifested in all classes, from the preparations which are making upon the points of passage of these august guests, it is easy to discern that the population comprehends all the bearing of this great event, that it associates itself heart and soul with the sentiments of the Em-

peror for his faithful ally, and that the arrival of the Queen of England in Paris will be a day of rejoicing for all France."

Boulogne, Saturday.

THIS event, fraught with so much interest to the destinies of Europe, has this day set the seal to an alliance consecrated and cemented by the blood already shed in defence of civilization. The news of the glorious successes of the French arms in the Crimea, which only preceded Her Majesty's arrival by a few hours, the recent destruction of Sweaborg by the allied fleets, and the commencement of another and, it is hoped, final bombardment of the Russian lines south of Sebastopol, were circumstances of such happy augury that the Queen seemed to bring victory and good fortune with her; while the glorious harvest weather, with its associations of plenty and abundance, gave superadded joyousness to the Royal progress. A cloudless sky, a sea resembling a glassy inland lake, reflecting in every slight ripple the rays of a brilliant August sun, a people feverish and excited with a mingled feeling of enthusiasm and curiosity, but offering the respectful homage of its admiration, and all the minor accessories and tokens of welcome which the boundless taste and ingenuity of an accomplished people could devise have greeted Queen Victoria's entry into France.

The Victoria and Albert Royal yacht, with the Queen and Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and the members of the Royal suite, left Osborne at 4.30 this morning. She passed Cowes at 6.10, Beachy-head at 8.45, Dungeness at 11.25, was sighted at Boulogne about 12.30, and arrived off Boulogne about half-past 1. A mist over-spread the channel early in the morning, but it cleared away as the day advanced. When the Royal yacht had steamed to within about four miles from Boulogne, Captain Smithett, who piloted her, waited a few minutes either for the tide or for the arrival of the steamers forming the Royal escort, or for both, and then the Victoria and Albert, conspicuous by her three masts, her great size, and fine proportions, steamed majestically for the harbor. She carried the Royal standard of England at the main, the tricolor at the fore, the union jack at the bows, and the Royal ensign at the stern. The English men-of-war forming the squadron of honor were drawn up outside the harbor, and formed an imposing spectacle. Each ship had the British ensign and the tricolor floating at the main, and each gave innumerable flags to the wind. At 25 minutes past one the first note of welcome was given by the sharp ring of a brass gun at the battery on the Capecure side, and one after another the Royal salute came distantly boom-

ing upon the ears of the Royal visitors, who could now distinctly see from the deck the fine cathedral-like dome of the church in the Upper Town, and the clean stone houses of the Haute Ville. The English men-of-war now took up the mimic thunder, and broadside after broadside pealed from them. The ships were soon enveloped in smoke, and when it had cleared away and the Royal yacht had neared the squadron every ship appeared with manned yards. As the Victoria and Albert drew still nearer to the shore a long dark streak was seen stretching along the heights for miles to the right and left of the town. Then wreaths and puffs of smoke, the gleam of bayonets, and, by and by, the distant rattle of musketry converted the long dark streak into lines of French soldiery. They not only crowned the heights, but wherever a lower ridge upon the cliffs gave "coigne of vantage" to a company of infantry there were drawn up Chasseurs de Vincennes, or the light companies of a French infantry regiment, whose sharp volleys alternated with the deep-mouthed welcome of the ordnance of the port. When the Royal yacht crossed the bar, at 15 minutes to 2, loud hurrahs broke from the crowds upon the left jetty. On the right jetty, along the lower stage near the water, was one unbroken line of French infantry, who presented arms as the Royal yacht passed. Bands of music were stationed at intervals on both sides of the jetty, and the wonderfully spirited and vigorous roll of the French drums was continuous. The spectacle was now extremely striking. The quay contained an immense multitude. Tricolored flags and British ensigns waved in profusion from every house, and the whole port was gay with streamers, flags, and garlands. Every window had its group of fair spectators. Opposite the Dépôt de Bagages was seen a square pavilion or small temple-like edifice, open at the sides and decorated in the style of the *loggie* of the Vatican, which, as it appeared the most conspicuous object along the quay, was correctly supposed to be the place where the Emperor awaited the arrival of his Royal visitors. As soon as the Victoria and Albert drew alongside this pavilion Her Majesty appeared at the ship's side, and gracefully acknowledged the salutations of the Emperor. A stage was thrown on board, the Emperor quickly ran up the platform, and, after respectfully kissing her Majesty's hand, saluted her upon both cheeks, according to imperial and Royal etiquette and the theory which presumes that crowned heads stand in sacred and fraternal relations to each other. The Emperor then cordially shook hands with Prince Albert, the Princess Royal, and the Prince of Wales, and, giving his hand to the Queen, led her down the stage to the pavilion, within which state chairs were plac-

ed on a dais, and here Her Majesty, seated, received the congratulations of the civic authorities and the English residents. After a brief pause the Emperor led Her Majesty to one of the Royal carriages. The Princess Royal took her place beside the Queen, and Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales took the opposite seats, while the Emperor mounted his horse, and rode upon Her Majesty's right hand.

At this spectacle of the Emperor himself forming a part of her Majesty's escort and guard of honor the acclamations of the multitude were redoubled, and cries of "*Vive la Reine!*" and "*Vive l'Empereur!*" were mingled with the hearty cheers of the English spectators. The French minister of War rode at the opposite side of the Royal carriage, and the Emperor's brilliant staff followed. Then came a carriage containing the two ladies in attendance upon the Queen, the Earl of Clarendon, and the Marquis of Breadalbane. The other members of the Royal Household followed, and the Dragoons and Lancers brought up the rear. The road was kept by French infantry, whose drums and bugles made military music as the Royal cavalcade slowly proceeded through dense crowds to the railway station. Her Majesty, who appeared to be in excellent health and spirits, acknowledged in the most gracious manner the *vivats* of the people. The Queen wore a white bonnet and blue satin visite, and Prince Albert a Field-Marshal's uniform, with the blue riband of the Garter. The Emperor wore the uniform of a general of division, with the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor.

The preparations made at the railway station at Capecure to do honor to the Royal guests were on a scale of surpassing magnificence. A sum of 25,000*fr.* had been voted for these decorations, and good taste as well as liberality had presided over the distribution. Two lodges were constructed at the entrance of the station, and between the lodges a triumphal arch, 75 feet high, upon a scale of imposing grandeur, was constructed. The lower part of this *arc de triomphe* was of open gilt lattice-work, 40 feet high, and adorned with flowers and evergreens tastefully disposed. At the spring of the arch was a green scroll, with the words, "Welcome to France," in large gold letters. The arms of England and France rose above the scroll, and a colossal figure representing the Genius of Civilization held aloft a scroll with a suitable inscription. The flags of England and France, Turkey and Sardinia, waved side by side, and shields, banners, emblazonments, streamers and garlands of flowers were distributed through the various compartments of the gigantic structure. The two lodges on each side of the arch were also

adorned with flags, and high masts bore aloft the Imperial and Royal standards of France and England. Within the courtyard were three carpeted rows of seats for a select company, the backs of the stages being covered with velvet. The belfry tower over the grand entrance, the arches of the windows, and the pilasters had their appropriate standards, eagles, green leaves, and flowers, and initial letters in gold upon velvet. How can one describe the *marquise*, with its roof of velvet, its fine curtains of red velvet, its six candelabra entwined and overflowing with flowers, its exquisitely designed carpet—but a carpet not worthy, as it should seem, of such visitors, for it is covered with velvet where they are to walk? The reception room was a wonder of French upholstery. Its walls hung with rich red velvet, strewn with spangled bees and leopards, the openings covered with muslin curtains and velvet hangings with golden acorns—its tribunes covered with velvet and embroidered with coats of arms—its twelve huge vases of flowers suspended from the ceiling, and its one magnificent flower vase in the centre, its richly designed carpet covering the whole space must in turn give place to the marvels of the Queen's reception-room, with its door lined within with white velvet, its walls of red and white silk hangings crimped; its mirrors, toilet tables, couches, sofas, and chairs disposed with that taste and eye to ensemble which made the spectators wonder whether Parisian taste in decoration could greatly transcend the splendors of the Boulogne railway-station. In the station itself, where the Royal train was drawn up, were seats filled with English and French fashionables.

Upon the arrival of the Royal party at the station the directors of the railroad were presented, and, after a short delay, the Royal party were ushered to their carriages. In the first saloon the Emperor, the Queen of England, the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal took their seats. At half-past 2 o'clock the train, containing nine carriages, glided noiselessly from the station, amid a salvo of artillery. Montreuil was the first station decorated in honor of the visitors. At Abbeville, the fine cathedral of which is seen from the station, considerable preparations were made to do honor to the guests of the Emperor. Two thousand cavalry and infantry were drawn up in view of the railway station, at the entrance of which was a large inscription, "Welcome to France," surmounted by an eagle and surrounded by flags. The Mayor and civic authorities of Abbeville awaited the arrival of the train at the platform, and proffered their congratulations, which were received and acknowledged by Her Majesty in a manner that won the hearts of all Abbeville. After clearing the railway station

the tower of the cathedral again came in sight, and the graceful fringe of trees on both banks of the river could hardly fail to be admired. The country here is richly wooded and picturesque, and groves of trees and wooded slopes give place to cornfields. Up to this point the country had been smiling, not to say laughing, with plenty. Fields of corn, like "golden shields cast down from the sun," had waved in rich luxuriance, awaiting the tardy reaper. France has no Ireland to send her sturdy out-door laborers at the precise moment when they are wanted, and the agricultural districts seem in many places so thinly peopled that the ripe corn stands and sheds its ripest grains before the sickle can be brought into the field. Up to Abbeville the train dashed through a district containing excellent crops of grain. The scenery then changed to cattle-bearing meadows and the region of the willow and pollard, while villages of thatched cottages embowered among trees with a low-spired church in the middle were seen, and passed as soon as seen; and while looking at these changes of the railway phantasmagoria the train arrived at Amiens.

Here the magistracy of the district were assembled, and the daughter of the Prefect, an interesting young lady of 17, habited in white, approached the royal carriage, and timidly but gracefully presented to the Queen a splendid bouquet, which her Majesty received with more than queenly courtesy. The progress of the train was extremely rapid after leaving Amiens, and the Royal party arrived safely at 10 minutes past 7 o'clock at Paris, the journey having been performed in four hours and a half.

PARIS, Saturday Night.

The reception which greeted Queen Victoria from the inhabitants of Paris will long be remembered by every Englishman who witnessed it. In the honor there done to our constitutional Sovereign the whole nation will feel that it shares, and on their part the people of the French metropolis appear equally animated by the conviction that they gave expression, for the time being, to the hospitable and generous sentiments of their great country. The recent visit of the Emperor Napoleon to London did not more unmistakably represent the cordial interchange of friendship between powerful neighboring States than the scene which the streets of Paris witnessed this evening; and, although the two occasions are broadly marked out from each other by the different modes in which the strong emotions of the hour found a voice, both had alike stamped upon them those essential characteristics which give to public events a high historic interest. We do not possess in our metropolis any of those facilities for display which this splendid city so abundantly commands.

Our smoky atmosphere, our dingy, brick-built, stuccoed streets, and the awkwardness of our people in getting up rapidly decorative effects compel us to rely mainly upon the moral influence of vast numbers in conveying to the minds of illustrious foreigners a notion of what we are and what we think. We have no military array adequate to hold in splendid pomp any long line of procession. We can scarcely hang out a flag gracefully, and the thin blue line of policemen which usually guards our streets on such occasions, however significant of a well-disposed populace and good civil government, is not very captivating to the eye. Here, on the other hand, you have a cloudless sky, spacious thoroughfares set off on either hand by stately architecture, a noble army always at hand for the purposes of spectacle, and, above all, a people who, from the highest to the lowest, have more or less strongly developed artistic tendencies. The spectacle which the route of the Queen's progress presented to-day in all these respects rendered it a remarkable contrast to the Emperor's reception in London. By far the most striking scene then presented was the aspect of the Borough and Lambeth, the deep valleys of unwashed humanity through which the Imperial *cortège* passed, and the ringing cheers with which our working classes welcomed the ally of their Queen. Here everything was different. Instead of alighting at the station of the railway by which she travelled to Paris, the Queen was conveyed to the terminus of the Strasbourg line, as best adapted by its architecture for adding to the ceremonial effects of a grand reception. Had it been necessary to make the circuit of Paris to gain that object, no doubt it would have been accomplished, and the same studious attention to whatever could give increased lustre to the occasion was perceptible in all the arrangements. This will be rendered obvious by the following details of the preparations within the terminus and outside, along the line of procession:—On the platform, magnificently carpeted, and fitted up as a grand saloon, were collected the railway officials, the corps municipal, the councillors of State, and the chief civil and military authorities. From the balconies overlooking this area numbers of gayly dressed ladies looked down upon the pomp of the reception. Overhead lines of pendant streamers along the noble span of the semicircular roof swayed gracefully, whilst the succession of arches on which the side walls rest were cleverly hung with portières, which completed the furnished aspect of the interior. The entrance hall to the station had been prepared as a special saloon for Her Majesty, and there were placed some fine orange trees in full blossom. Without, on the principal façade of the building, were displayed along the lines of the architecture draperies of purple velvet brocaded with gold, festooned

with laurel wreaths, having as their supports gilded eagles, and the whole splendidly set off by terminal groups of standards, bearing the flag of England, supported on either side by those of France, Sardinia, and Turkey, *en faisceau*. The area of the courtyard was also covered with beds of flowers; and on the flat roofs of the lodges at either side extemporized gardens had been established. At regular distances, all down the Boulevards, tall banner standards had been erected, from which long graceful streamers, suspended in the Venetian style, waved with every breath of air; and besides these street decorations each house had its separate manifestations of welcome, sometimes in the form of a familiar tri-color, sometimes in a bit of tapestry hung out from a balcony, sometimes in the less pretending shape of colored lanterns strung across from window to window, even to the lofty garret. It was curious to observe the intense desire displayed by all classes to make this wonderful city look its best and fairest before the eyes of our island Queen, to inspire Her Majesty and the members of the Royal family who accompanied her with a due appreciation of the claims which Paris has to be considered the gayest and most brilliant capital in the world. Certainly those claims were never more overpoweringly displayed. The great breadth of the Boulevards and the importance of preserving the series of splendid perspectives which they present uninterrupted prevented a series of triumphal arches; but along the route of the procession many trophies had been erected, some of them including sculpture of considerable merit, and bearing inscriptions suitable to the occasion. At one point the names of the departments inscribed in shields drew attention to the sentiment that Paris on that occasion represented all France; at another it was some institution or private company close at hand, which, rushing to the edge of the *trottoir*, vindicated its importance by setting up a special sign of welcome. The one triumphal arch was really a fine piece of construction, and looked exceedingly imposing. Raised by the *artistes* of the Opera close to the Rue le Pelletier, it had the inside of its piers and *intrados* covered with Imperial bees, the terminal figures over each pier being formed by pairs of colossal eagles, with extended wings. At several other points chains of streamers, or cords to bear some pendant banner of inscription, crossed the thoroughfare, but otherwise the grand series of vistas which the line of the Boulevards commands was not disturbed. It is worthy of remark that not only did the decorations extend throughout the route itself, but also along the side streets which open up from it, and that these were hung with flags and trophies of evergreens as far as the eye could penetrate down them. This was particularly observable

with that noble street, the Rue de la Paix, which was so brilliantly ornamented as to make one almost wonder that the *cortège* was not irresistibly led to enter the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées in that direction. Whether by fortunate accident or skilful premeditation, the decorations appeared gradually to diminish as the more open space was gained; but even there enough was retained to preserve the festive character of the occasion and to heighten the ordinary effect of the *coup d'œil*.

Those who do not know Paris will have some difficulty in realizing the splendid aspect of the line of Boulevards to-day, with the bright sunlight pouring down from a sky without a cloud, the pavements and carriage-way swarming with people, the lofty houses with their jalousied windows thrown open and filled with spectators, the extensive ranges of balconies all occupied, and in every direction that indescribable air of excitement manifest which marks the anticipation of a great public event. Nothing could be finer, and Londoners might well gaze with a sense of humiliation at a spectacle which the inferior architecture of their own metropolis renders it impossible for them to approach. The road of the procession lay along the Boulevard de Strasbourg, the Port St. Denis, the Boulevards Bonne Nouvelle, Poissonnière, Montmartre, Italiens, Des Capucines, and the Madeleine, down to the Rue Royale, across the Place de la Concorde, and by the Champs Elysées, the new avenue de l'Impératrice, and the Bois de Boulogne to St. Cloud. About 4 o'clock the troops, to the number, it is said, of 100,000 men, half of the line and half of the National Guard, began to take up their positions on this immense and splendid route. The former held the left side of the thoroughfare, and the latter the right, while, penned in behind them, the myriads of spectators gradually settled into their places and waited patiently for the arrival of the illustrious strangers. The Prefect of Police set down the number of people assembled at 800,000, and, considering the vast accession made within the last few days to the population of Paris, it did not probably fall much short of that mighty aggregate. At particular points along the Boulevard a thin stream of passengers might occasionally be observed in slow movement, fighting their way through the fixed and immovable masses around them, but otherwise all movement was completely at an end, and for hours those who occupied the windows, balconies, and housetops had nothing better to do than to watch, now a band of young Polytechnic students, now the officers of different regiments, now the municipal authorities of the banlieues, now a party of *sergens de ville* in their black cocked hats, blue coats, and smart white pantaloons, sauntering or moving quickly

to and fro in the wide central space between the lines of the military. At one moment a General of Brigade or Division passed by, followed by his staff; at another, some of the mounted Gendarmerie, and occasionally two or three of the *Etat-Major*, distinguishable by their plumes of red and blue feathers. What afforded most amusement to the crowds was when solitary dogs found their way between the lines, and, astonished by the novelty of their situation and the roar of laughter which pursued them, set off at a speed worthy of the camp hunts in the Crimea. A curious illustration of the respect paid here to persons of humble station was manifested in the presence within the lines of a fine old sailor whose breast was decorated with medals for acts of devotion in saving human life. Such honorable testimonials, it was remarked by our countrymen, would hardly have been so recognized on any similar occasion in England. Time wore on, the sun set in splendor behind a bank of clouds, and then after the fervent heat of the day the cool shades of evening began to settle down upon the city; the faces in the balconies and at the windows grew darker, and fears spread abroad that the Queen's arrival would be delayed until darkness had snatched from the assembled multitude that opportunity for gratifying at once their hospitable feelings and their curiosity; 7 o'clock came and no word of the Royal train. The bands of the different regiments had played at intervals to occupy attention, but this could not go on forever, and even the anxiety to see the Royalty of England has its limits. The reputation of our Queen for punctuality was known, and people wondered that she should be behindhand. It got about that the arrival at Boulogne had not taken place till an hour and a half after the time appointed, and if some portion of that delay was not made up on the journey to Paris the procession through the city must be made in the dark. At a quarter past 7 o'clock the dull booming of the Royal salute began, and instantly a hoarse roar of satisfaction swelled along the line of the Boulevards. The salute of 21 guns for the Queen had hardly died away when that of 101 guns for the Emperor commenced, and this in its turn had scarcely ceased when the *cortège* was sweeping on its way through the city. First came a troop of cavalry of the Municipal Guard at a sharp trot, then a double line of *Sergens de ville* on foot, then the Commander of the Municipal Guard with his staff, then an advanced guard of the Guides, and behind these the Imperial outriders in their liveries of green and gold. An open barouche followed, drawn by four horses, and in which were seated the Queen and the Princess Royal on one side and the Emperor and his Royal Highness Prince Albert on the other. Her Majesty, who looked exceedingly well, was greeted most enthusiastically, and

graciously bowed her acknowledgments to the multitude. Nothing could exceed the cordiality and earnestness of her reception; and from the blouses on the pavement the demonstrations of respect were quite as fervent as from the wealthier classes at the windows and on the balconies. It was so along the whole route of the procession, though the declining light compelled the travellers to quicken their pace, and thus seriously abridged the opportunity for a full display of the public feeling. There can be no doubt that the people of Paris share with the Emperor and with France the gratification which this visit excites. Behind the Royal carriage came a second containing the Prince Napoleon, the Prince of Wales, Lord Clarendon, and the Marquis of Breadalbane. Others followed containing the suite of the two Sovereigns; and to these succeeded a rear guard of the Guides. The Prefect of Police, the Prefect of the Seine, and other high officers of State closed the procession.

At several points along the route Her Majesty's attention appeared to be caught by the vociferous cheers of her own subjects. This was particularly marked opposite the house of Sallandrouze de Lamornaix, who had kindly placed his large balcony at the disposal of the foreign jurors and commissioners now assembled in Paris on the business of the Exhibition. Lights had already begun to appear in the windows, and the commencement of an illumination to counterbalance the gathering darkness of night, before the Emperor and his guests had traversed the long line of the Boulevards. The trades unions therefore, who early in the day took up their position in the Champs Elysées, and the fashionable world which went out in large numbers to the Bois de Boulogne, could have seen very little of the procession. But this disappointment there will no doubt be several opportunities afforded of redeeming during Her Majesty's stay, and, in the meantime, it is satisfactory to know that Her Majesty and the members of the Royal family who accompany her have arrived at St. Cloud with no more serious drawback than a slight delay in the time fixed for the completion of their long journey.

They are expected to attend the chapel at the embassy to-morrow, and to visit the Palace of the Beaux Arts on Monday morning. The programme during their stay includes, among other festivities, a grand ball at the Hotel de Ville, which is expected to be a very grand affair. It is said that the Emperor, amid the pressing cares of government at this present moment, has nevertheless given great attention to the *fêtes* with which he proposes to celebrate the visit of his illustrious guests, and that these have been organized on a scale of magnificence unparalleled in the annals even of the French Court.

LONDON, Monday, 20 Aug.

AFTER the most brilliant reception which the ingenuity of a nation skilled above all others in the preparation and arrangement of public pageants and the real enthusiasm of a people excited by the stirring events of the day to a warmth of feeling which they do not usually evince could prepare, Queen VICTORIA has entered Paris, and is now fairly launched in that round of festivities which are to make her week's residence in the capital of her ally one long ovation. It is the privilege of the heads of a social and political hierarchy like that of England not only to feel and act for themselves, but to impersonate and represent the feelings and impulses of great nations. Circumstances in themselves light and trivial—a gesture, a word, a momentary outburst of feeling—may have, besides their primary and momentary significance, a secondary and more extended one, which may constitute, in one point of view, the slightest possible occurrence, and in another a very considerable historic event. The English public will carefully spell over the chronicles of the week with the hope to find in them ever-recurring evidence of the good feeling which recent events, if they have not caused, have at least developed, and we cannot doubt that our expectations in this behalf will be more than gratified. Fine weather, stirring music, splendid equipages, glittering escorts, triumphal arches, and all the panoply of popular solemnities can be commanded for any purpose or on any occasion; but the real and heartfelt sentiment of two great nations seeking for expression by every avenue of the eye and ear has something in it more impressive than processions, more striking than pageantry, more enduring than all the ornament and glitter so easily put on to order, and so readily laid aside like an old stage property. We must leave, then, to our reporters the details of the adornments which lent splendor to the landing at Boulogne and to every step of HER MAJESTY'S progress, and endeavor to realize as far as is possible with what sentiments the French nation really greet the Sovereign of the neighboring island, now, for the first time for so many hundred years, coming in peace and friendship to their capital. The present institutions of France do not permit of our arriving at a conclusion on this subject with the same confidence on the other as on this side of the Channel, and there exists in France so wide a diversity of opinions, not merely as to the dynasty which ought to govern, but as to the form of government which ought to exist, that we cannot expect to find complete unity in any sentiment, however natural and well founded. Yet, we are happy to believe that on the present occasion all Frenchmen of all parties, who have not for-

gotten in the rage of faction their paramount duty and affection to the great country of which they are citizens, will unite in cordial rejoicing at the auspicious event which seems to set a seal on the union and alliance of the two nations. The adherents of those families which still put forward claims to the throne of France may, indeed, feel some natural annoyance at the close intimacy which they see existing between the Queen of ENGLAND and a successful competitor for empire, and consistent Republicans can hardly view without a pang the high and palmy fortune of him who has inherited their hopes and their labors. But Legitimists, Orleanists, and Republicans will, we doubt not, alike remember that, whatever be their differences as to internal politics, they all have an equal interest in seeing France honored and respected, and in knowing that the good understanding between the two nations and their mutual esteem for each other survive every change of Government, are permanent elements amid never ending vicissitudes, and increase more and more in spite of everything which might tend to thwart or diminish them. We apprehend the visit of the Queen of ENGLAND is popular with all classes of Frenchmen, because a cordial alliance, an intimate understanding between the two countries, is popular. As far as the present war is concerned, the balance begins to incline so rapidly to the side of England and France that we cannot doubt the immediate object of the alliance which is symbolized by the visit of Queen VICTORIA to Paris will, in no long time, be accomplished, and that England and France will emerge from their present struggle with an increase of fame, a higher character, and more complete confidence in each other. These are the first fruits to be hoped, and, we trust, very shortly to be gathered, from the present alliance. But it would be a narrow view to limit the advantages of the alliance to what is passing in the Crimea, in the Baltic, or to whatever other shore the fortunes of war may drive our fleets and armies.

We view our alliance as a guarantee to the whole world that lawless power shall never again be suffered to crush under her armed heel the claims of right and justice; that these two great States shall henceforth be consolidated into a power strong without arrogance, and willing and able to protect civilization from those barbarous inroads which seemed but a little while ago to threaten Europe, and all her arts and all her cultivation, with the fate of the lower Roman Empire. Most appropriately was the Queen encountered, on her first landing, by the effigy, not of Victory or of Fame, but the gentler genius of Civilization. Once relieved from the necessity of constant and armed vigilance against the

unwearied disturber of the peace of nations; once dispensed from the duty of standing sentinel over the threatened liberties of mankind, what may we not expect from the energies of two associated peoples fully put forth in the generous rivalry of the arts of peace? The extension of abstract science in all its branches, its application in a hundred ways yet undreamt of to supply the wants and gratify the wishes of man—the destruction of those barriers which the jealousy of past ages raised against the freedom of commerce—the importation into our island of the orderly and methodical spirit of France and the adoption in France of some of those maxims of social and political wisdom which have stood in England so well the test of time—the oblivion of past animosities, the obliteration of existing prejudices,—these offer to the eye of the philanthropist and the patriot, whether he be French or English, subjects for contemplation of the highest interest, and anticipations of the most cheering import. It is to ratify an alliance fraught with such vast results that Queen VICTORIA goes to return the visit of the Emperor of the FRENCH. What wonder, then, that a great and enlightened people should receive such a messenger, bound on such an errand, with every mark of goodwill and every demonstration of respect.

PARIS, Monday Night.

YESTERDAY was observed as a day of rest by the illustrious visitors at St. Cloud. In the morning they attended divine service, which was performed by the chaplain to the embassy, and in the afternoon they took a drive in the park and through a portion of the Bois de Boulogne. After dining *en famille* with His Imperial Majesty they were present at a concert of sacred music given at the palace by the Conservatoire de Musique. Whatever regret may have been felt by the multitudes assembled on Saturday at the delay which prevented Her Majesty from being well seen in the progress through the streets of Paris, there can be no doubt that the programme to be observed during her stay here will afford abundant opportunities for countervailing the disappointment thus occasioned. It is clearly the Emperor's intention to let the people of his capital have every reasonable facility for seeing his illustrious guests, and for manifesting their respectful sympathies. This was made evident to-day by the manner in which the visit to the Palais des Beaux Arts was conducted, and by the subsequent drive along the Boulevards and the examination of that splendid restoration, La Sainte Chapelle. Some 6,000 spectators were present at the Beaux Arts, and the promenade on the Boulevards was, of course, witnessed by all Paris. With one slight *contretemps* the

arrangements were conducted with perfect order and regularity, and the Queen has already been brought fully within the influence of that artistic spirit which, among this people and in this city especially, makes such constant calls upon the admiration of the stranger.—The Emperor and his guests left St. Cloud at half-past 10 o'clock, and reached the Palais des Beaux Arts at 11. There the Imperial Commission, headed by their President, Prince Napoleon, the Foreign Commissioners, and the Jurors of the Exhibition, had assembled to receive them. They had mustered in the saloons immediately adjoining the principal entrance, and it was at once remarkable and interesting to see so great a gathering of men, who, in different countries and for various specialties, had achieved reputation and position in the ranks of industry and science. Among Frenchmen we observed M. Renault, the President of the Institute, M. Horace Vernet, and M. Ingres, the artists, M. le Play, M. Arles Dufour, M. Salandrouze de Lamonaix, M. de Rouville, M. Michel Chevalier, Baron Rothschild, M. Perrier, M. Schneider, and M. Trescat. Among Germans, Dr. Waagen, Professor Liebig, and M. von Viebahn. Among our own countrymen were Mr. Cole, C. B., Mr. Redgrave, R. A., Dr. Forbes Royle, Professor Wheatstone, Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. Locke, M. P., Mr. Digby Wyatt, Mr. Warren Delarue, Professor Willis, Mr. Crampton, Mr. C. Manby, and Mr. Winkworth. A beautifully executed bust of Her Majesty stood on a pedestal in the centre of the reception room, and on every side the walls were covered with *chef d'œuvres* of art, while masses of excited spectators were hemmed in from an invasion of the reserved space by the police of the building. This small force it was at first believed would prove sufficient to protect the illustrious visitors from pressure by the crowd in the course of their survey; but after a time, notwithstanding their exertions, the police were overwhelmed, and in consequence it was found requisite to recruit their numbers by some *sergens de ville*. The Emperor, with the Queen leaning on his arm, entered the Palace shortly after 11 o'clock.—He was followed by Prince Albert, who had with him the Princess Royal, and the Prince of Wales, and after them came the suites of both Sovereigns. The reception over, the *cortège*, led by the Prince Napoleon, advanced into the principal saloon for the display of German pictures, and here the works of chief interest were pointed out by Dr. Waagen, than whom none could be more qualified to fulfil such a duty. There are some very fine productions in this court, such, for example, as the three powerful paintings by Winantz near the entrance, and Kiss's great statue of St. George and the Dragon, which occupies the centre, is a noble effort of sculpture; but the

merits of the collection as a whole scarcely rise to the level of that exhibited by Belgium, which the illustrious party next proceeded to examine, with as much care as the circumstances rendered possible. The attention of their Majesties was, of course, much distracted by the cheers and cries of "*Vive la Reine*" which greeted them at different points, but the Prince and the Royal children, who felt themselves more at liberty, were so earnestly bent on seeing all they could that several times they were left behind, and but for the recuperative energy shown by M. Arles Dufour and other officials might have been lost altogether in the crowd. It would have been strange indeed had the wonderful pictures of the Belgian masters failed to elicit the highest admiration.—Such artists as De Groux, Robbe, Stevens, and Verboeckhoven do honor to their country by the style of their works, and successfully maintain its celebrity as a school of painting against the formidable rivalry of France and England. From the Belgian collection the Emperor led his guests into the principal saloon of French painting, and here they were preparing for a rich intellectual feast, when in rushed the crowd of spectators, and for several minutes all was confusion. The illustrious party made its way as rapidly as possible to the next saloon, which was at once cleared for its reception, and here the scattered *cortège* was after some time reassembled. While a reinforcement of *sergens de ville* was sent for, the master-pieces of Delacroix and other painters, suspended in this inner saloon, were leisurely examined. No great inconvenience therefore arose, and both the Emperor and Her Majesty sustained the temporary inroad upon their freedom of locomotion with exemplary good nature and self-possession. As soon as order had been restored the progress through the Palace was resumed, and the two Sovereigns now directed their steps to the French Sculpture Court. Here a great and varied display of artistic excellence was presented to them, comprising many works of rare merit. The sculptors of France are evidently more disposed every day to depart from the severe standards of classic taste, and to consult mainly the inspirations of their own fancy. Some critics would probably lament that it should be so, but after all it cannot be denied that the artistic world at large profits by diversity, and that both by the faults and the merits thus developed permanent instruction for the future is derived. From the Sculpture Court the Imperial and Royal visitors passed into the saloon devoted to M. Horace Vernet's *chef d'œuvres*. There for a considerable time they admired his celebrated *Razzia*, his *Battle of Isly*, and some of the great paintings in which he has commemorated the victories of the first Empire. In this

Court stands a remarkable statue of the first Napoleon when a student at Brienne, the work of M. Robinet, and which attracted much attention. Passing along the north front of the Palace the progress of the *cortège* was arrested for some minutes while their Majesties listened to the performance of a large choir of workmen, singers trained on a system bearing some resemblance to that of Hullah in England, and who went through a chorus in which "God save the Queen" was introduced, led by their conductor, M. Chivet, with extraordinary precision and musical effect. At the north-east corner of the building a pause took place to examine the restoration of the Minerva executed by Phidias in precious metals, jewels, and ivory, which was placed in the Parthenon at Athens. This restoration, which is in complete accordance with the descriptions of the original by ancient writers, is the property of the Duc de Luynes. It scarcely satisfies the expectations that are naturally excited by such a work, but of course is an interesting feature among the general attractions of the Palace. Their Majesties now entered the saloon of M. Ingres, who divides with M. Horace Vernet the honor of having had a special court allotted to him for the exhibition of his works. Their merits certainly justify that high compliment, for, though rather hard and severe in his treatment, the artist has boldly carried his individuality into almost every school, and produced masterpieces that rivet attention by the educated spirit breathed over them. From this point the Queen was conducted by her Imperial host through the Gallery of British Artists. It is unnecessary to dilate upon the excellences of a school with which most Englishmen who have paid any attention to art are familiar. Our painters are upon the whole admirably represented, and the experience of months has in no degree diminished the interest attached to a collection which exhibits such strong contrast to the general character of the works in the *Beaux Arts*. England shows a strong predilection for cabinet paintings, because pictures are purchased there mainly to decorate the walls of private dwellings and to enhance the attractions of domestic life. In continental countries the habits of the people and their relations with the Governments have hitherto had the effect of making their works of art dependent upon a different class of custom and patronage; and the result is, that their subjects are more ambitious, their treatment more adapted to grandeur than to minute elaboration, and well fitted for display in halls and galleries where focal distance can be secured, but out of place in private residences. Ascending the staircase at the north-east corner of the Palace, the *cortège* described the circuit of the upper galleries, in which are dis-

played the water-color drawings, the miniature paintings, the engravings on wood and steel, and the architectural designs contributed by different countries. Here England takes a very high position, from the excellence of the works exhibited by her artists in several of these departments. After completing the circuit of the galleries their Majesties returned to the central saloon, from which they had been compelled to retreat at an earlier period by the inroad of spectators. Here they took leisurely a survey of the great works with which the genius of French art has embellished the walls. The Last Days of the Reign of Terror, and the grand picture of the Imperial Guard re-entering Paris after Waterloo (by Muller), M. Cousin's painting illustrating the manners of the Lower Empire, Trovon's cattle picture, and Rosa Bonheur's "Hayfield," were all carefully examined, and so delighted were our Royal family with the masterpieces here displayed that they made the circuit of the saloon several times.

Shortly before 2 o'clock they took their departure amidst enthusiastic cheers, and proceeded for luncheon to the Elysée. There at half-past 2 o'clock there was a reception of the *corps diplomatique*. At 3 Her Majesty, accompanied by her Imperial host, visited La Sainte Chapelle, and was received on her way there and back in the most cordial manner by immense numbers of the population. Among other streets, the *cortège* passed through the Rue de Rivoli, the principal hotels in which, including Meurice's, were handsomely decorated. At half-past five the Imperial and Royal party returned to St. Cloud. At 8 to-night a grand dinner of 60 covers takes place there. The proceedings of the day terminate with a performance by the company of the Théâtre Français.

PARIS, Tuesday.

The movements of the Emperor and his guests are so rapid, and there is so much for the latter to see, that there is some difficulty in overtaking by description the programme of each day's proceedings. There was only time, by yesterday's post, to allude in a very cursory manner to the visit paid by their Majesties to La Sainte Chapelle and the promenade along the Boulevards. Perhaps, however, of all the incidents connected with the great event which we are now witnessing this is the one which possesses the highest interest and will be most remembered. On their way from the Palace of the Elysée to the beautiful restoration of the church founded by St. Louis, the Queen and Prince Albert passed along the Rue de Rivoli, and thus had a good opportunity of surveying those magnificent improvements which their host had been so actively engaged in carrying out in the street architecture of

his capital. It must have occurred to the illustrious strangers to ask themselves when London was to be adorned with works of an equally extensive and splendid as well as useful character—when and how the requisite steps were to be taken to relieve our crowded thoroughfares of the enormous traffic which now chokes them up daily, rendering rapid locomotion impossible, involving incalculable losses both in time and money to the community, and withholding from a population nearly as large as that of all Scotland, the salutary and elevating influences of fine buildings in a city. The Imperial and Royal party were also conveyed, in the course of their progress, close to the Hotel de Ville. Here again our Queen must have remembered, with feelings akin to humiliation, the Mansion-house and the yet unreformed Corporation of the city, and the late date at which we have been able to secure for our English metropolis municipal institutions on a scale commensurate with its requirements. After viewing the restoration of La Sainte Chapelle, the Emperor took his guests to see Notre Dame, and having for some time admired that noble and venerable pile, let the reader imagine where they next directed their course. Why into the Quartier St. Antoine, the hotbed of revolutions and *émeutes*, the portion, not only of Paris, but of the whole world, which crowned heads have had the greatest reason to regard with a fearful curiosity. They penetrated into it as far as the Place de la Bastille. Future historians when they write about the present visit will surely not forget to mark with the emphasis which it deserves, an occurrence so highly dramatic. The throne of the Napoleons has been built upon demolished barricades, and the Emperor does not hesitate to take the Constitutional Queen of England to a spot where she can best see these foundations that have hardly yet ceased to tremble under the weight of his firm and vigorous government. From the Place de la Bastille the *cortège* drove down the entire line of the Boulevards, on their way back to St. Cloud. In every direction the Royal Family were received with unbounded enthusiasm, and there remains no shadow of doubt upon the feelings with which all classes of the population hail the Queen's visit. It is not the fashion here to cheer as we do, nor does the shout of the French people admit of such intense expression as our English hurrah, but on no occasion at home and among her own subjects have we ever witnessed greater solicitude to catch a glimpse of Her Majesty's face than is being evinced by the warm-hearted inhabitants of Paris. Certainly one may well marvel at that curious fate which has reserved for the heir of the Great Napoleon the good fortune, and the auspicious promises for, the future, bound up in

this visit. The Bourbons could scarcely have brought it about after re-occupying their ancestral throne by the aid of British bayonets. The Orleanists, ever intriguing for a dynastic character, and forgetting France in family schemes, failed to accomplish it. But the parvenu Emperor, raised to power by the voice of the people, and on the shoulders of the French army, asked and has received this visit. Host and guests conduct their friendly intercourse in the presence of the nation, and as befits sovereigns, and Frenchmen look on well satisfied at an event in which no sacrifices of dignity are involved on either side, and in which many bitter remembrances are happily obliterated.

To-day, their Majesties left the Palace at half-past 10 o'clock, and proceeded, followed by their respective suites, in open carriages to Versailles. The drive is one of extraordinary beauty, diversified by a noble variety of perspective. Now in the secluded avenues of the park round St. Cloud, now emerging on the highway which passes through the picturesque town of Avray, now winding along the banks of the Seine, with tall poplar trees casting their shadows across its bosom, now plunging into the forest and from its crest descending into the well wooded valley in which Louis le Grand built his world-famous Palace—here of itself was a rich treat alike for prince or peasant in such a morning's excursion. The inhabitants of the neighborhood of course turned out to pay their unpretending homage, and the Ville d'Avray was decorated in a very simple but most effective manner with flowers and evergreens. The town of Versailles, usually so dull and stupid, looked quite gay and lively. A grand triumphal arch had been constructed at the eastern end of the great avenue by which the Palace is approached, and along its course a great abundance of flags tastefully arranged were displayed. It would be out of place here to attempt any detailed description of what the Royal strangers saw during their stay at Versailles. Though new to them, its wonders are familiar to every Englishman who has visited the French capital, and need not therefore be dilated on. They went first through the State apartments, then witnessed the *grands eaux*, and, after a complete survey of the park, proceeded to the Trianon, where they partook of luncheon. At half-past 3 o'clock they returned to St. Cloud, and after having dined *en famille* at half-past 6 they closed the programme of the day by a visit to the Grand Opera.

PARIS, Tuesday.

THE survey of the state apartments to-day occupied some time, and was conducted in strict privacy; but no one who has ever visited Versailles will be at a loss to picture to

himself the extreme interest attached to such an occurrence as that of the Emperor conducting the Royalty of England through a long series of halls and galleries, on the walls of which are delineated in almost unbroken series all the great events of French history, down almost to the present time. It is to the historic character of this great collection of paintings that its chief interest is due, but with them are mingled other associations, calculated to exercise a scarcely inferior influence on every thoughtful mind. Those apartments have witnessed many of the most remarkable scenes in modern times. One looks at them with far different feelings to those with which one regards the state of rooms of most other places. There is in their interest something beyond the triumphs of upholstery, and in traversing them the imagination naturally reverts to the magnificence of Louis Quatorze, the vices or imbecility of the two following reigns, to all of which they afforded a shelter and home. Of the myriads of strangers who during many generations have from motives of curiosity visited these apartments the latest and the most illustrious is Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Dare we hope that her benignant presence there is a happy omen for the future, and that henceforth France may enjoy a government so firm, wise, and permanent as to insure to its rulers the safety and repose of such splendid precincts? After a careful survey of the interior, the Emperor took his guests into the grounds, and there for some time they were driven round the fountains which have hitherto rendered Versailles one of the wonders of the world. In this respect the attractions of the place will shortly be eclipsed by those of our own Crystal Palace, for even the portion of the hydrant scheme at Sydenham now completed places its superiority when finished beyond the possibility of doubt. The grand fountains were shown to-day, and viewed under such auspices appeared to the greatest advantage. It was really a splendid sight to see the Imperial carriages, with their escort of Cent-Gardes, circling round basin after basin, moving along shady avenues of interlacing trees, through the umbrageous shelter of which the powerful sunlight scarcely penetrated, or emerging again into the full blaze of noon, which shot rays of fire from each cuirass and helmet. The great Apollo fountain played last, but its effects are no longer unrivalled, and the Royal visitors were probably most impressed by others in the grounds, which are beautiful in form, and being seen against a well-arranged background of foliage will always retain a peculiar charm. It is worthy of remark that the plan of the waterworks at Versailles carefully provides for such backgrounds, which are indispensable to the devel-

opment of the full beauty of fountains. Wonderful as Versailles is, we may perhaps be permitted to observe that one misses there the fresh turf, kept like a drawing-room carpet, and the perfect order of the approaches, which distinguish the landscape gardening of England. On the other hand, our neighbors do not hesitate to use the best materials they can obtain for decorative purposes. The balustrades on the terraces at Versailles are constructed of marble; not only the statues, but the sculptured pedestals on which they stand in the open air are made of the same substance. While the Emperor took his guests through the apartments and grounds military bands stationed at different points filled the air with music. There were also large numbers of people present, so that the spectacle altogether was exceedingly gay and splendid. After examining every object of interest in the immediate neighborhood of the palace, the illustrious party proceeded to the Trianon, and explored that also. There they were joined by Her Majesty the Empress, whose delicate state of health does not permit her to take any very prominent part in the present festivities of the Court. She and the Emperor, accompanied by their Royal guests, now withdrew to the chalet behind the Trianon, where in perfect retirement they had coffee served to them on the grass. The pretty chalet, with its adjoining sheet of water and mill wheel, appeared to take the Queen completely by surprise, and her gratification and that of the Prince were still greater when the splendid band of the Guides made the air of this sweet spot resound with the choicest music. The *cortège* returned to St. Cloud about 4 o'clock, and, having dined there *en famille* at half-past 6, the Royal party went at 9 in state to the Opera. The Boulevards and other streets along which they passed were brilliantly illuminated, and it is impossible to do justice to the fairy-like appearance of that part of Paris, lit up by thousands of variegated lamps. The whole thing put one in mind of the descriptions in the "Arabian Nights" rather than of sober reality, and one was never tired of admiring the *coup d'œil* thus produced. From the centre of the triumphal arch at the Rue Lepelletier an immense chandelier of colored lamps was suspended. The principal façades of the Opera-house were a blaze of light, and from the long succession of crowded *cafés* on the Boulevards the bright effulgence of the illumination found its way into the darkness outside, bringing out in fine relief the gigantic *gendarmérie à cheval* who patrolled backwards and forwards, watching over public order in the thoroughfares. Nor was the spectacle within the Opera-house less imposing. Not a seat has for days been obtainable either for love or money, and but for the kind-

ness of Colonel Fleury and Count Bacciochi we should have been unable to procure admission. The Emperor's box was erected in the grand tier, directly opposite the stage, and on either side of it stood, like a statue, a soldier of the Cent-Garde, *en grande tenue*—superb looking fellows, as superbly dressed and equipped. Two others stood sentry on the stage at either wing. The pit was entirely filled with gentlemen in full evening costume, and the stalls and tiers of boxes resembled so many parterres of rare flowers from the amount of beauty exalted by the highest triumphs of the toilette with which they overflowed. When the Emperor and Empress, with their guests, entered, the whole House rose to receive them, and from that brilliant assemblage our Queen met with a reception worthy of those who gave and of her who was the object of it. The enthusiastic plaudits had hardly subsided when the orchestra began to play the National Anthem, and at its close the cheering was renewed and long sustained. Her Majesty gracefully acknowledged these tokens of the high favor with which she is regarded by the upper classes in Paris. She was tastefully, but simply dressed, and wore the riband of the Garter, and on her head a tiara of diamonds. She sat on the right hand of the Empress, having the Emperor on her right, and looked remarkably well. On the right hand of the Emperor was the Prince Napoleon, and on the left of the Empress Prince Albert, who again had the Princess Mathilde on his left. The Emperor wore the riband of the Garter also, and, as usual, appeared in the uniform of a General of Division. Prince Albert displayed the insignia of the Legion of Honor over his Field Marshal's uniform. Her Majesty the Empress wore a magnificent tiara of diamonds, and her delicate, but beautiful features were the theme of general admiration. The Royal and Imperial personages seated in front, with the Maids of Honor standing behind them, formed together a group which was at once historical and dramatic. It is unnecessary to enter into any details as to the performance, beyond stating that it was of a miscellaneous character, including both opera and ballet, and that Alboni and Cruvelli were among the vocalists. They sang "God save the Queen," with the English words, before her Majesty retired, and the House again renewed its plaudits as at the commencement, insisting upon an encore; and thus ended another busy day in this memorable visit.

The Queen, the Emperor, and Prince Albert will visit the Exhibition Palace to-morrow (Wednesday) at 11 o'clock, and on Friday at 3. Prince Albert will also proceed there on Thursday, but alone. In order to avoid the inconveniences caused by too great an influx of the public, it has been decided that

during those three days only the members of the Imperial Commission, the foreign commissioners, the members of the juries, the exhibitors, and the holders of season-tickets shall be admitted.

PARIS, Wednesday Night.

To-day at 11 o'clock the Emperor took Her Majesty and the members of the Royal family who accompany her to visit the Palais de l'Industrie. They were received at the entrance by Prince Napoleon and the members of the Imperial Commission, by the foreign Commissioners, and the jurors. Nearly three hours were occupied in their progress through the Exhibition, and the amount of space traversed and the magnificent products of industry examined must have conveyed to the minds of the illustrious strangers a vivid and powerful impression as to the merits of this extraordinary display. To those who were here during the first weeks after the opening, the changes which have been effected are so great as to make one almost doubt whether it can be the same undertaking; and some conception of the difficulties overcome may be formed when we unhesitatingly state that, as an illustration of the existing condition of the peaceful arts, this Exhibition is, in most respects, decidedly superior to our own in 1851. Though serious errors have been committed in the classification and arrangement of objects; and though the delay which took place at the outset has introduced some elements of unfairness into the competition between rival manufacturers, no greater mistake can be made in England than to undervalue the importance of the present display. It has not the comprehensive unity which characterized so remarkably its precursor in Hyde Park, nor the facilities for contrast which then existed in such extraordinary abundance; but each specialty is admirably set forth, and, from the plan upon which the space has been distributed, can be examined with concentrated attention. This in itself is a great advantage, and the result is that the visitor returns, on each occasion, from the place with definite notions of what he has seen. If he saw the Exhibition in May, he will be forcibly struck with the clever and effectual manner in which the Imperial Commission have overcome most of the difficulties by which they were then, to all appearances, hopelessly surrounded. Though little provision had been then made for keeping down dust by interstices between the floor-boards, the inconvenience that might have been expected to result was not realized. Though the ventilation was overlooked, the evil consequences of that want of forethought have been reduced to a point at which they are endurable. Though the passages were not made wide enough at the commencement, a little management on the

part of the administration prevents much confusion or blocking. The semi-circular arch of the nave, without a covering of some kind to moderate the sun's rays, would have made the heat inside intolerable; but, instead of the calico being put outside, and one monotonous mud-color used, it has been placed underneath the glass, and the alternation of stripes possessing varieties of shading has given to the roof the aspect of a huge semi-transparent mosaic. Again, the temporary structure which connects the Palace with the Annexe is so ingeniously hung with draperies and planned in such good proportion, as to have an exceedingly handsome and furnished aspect, and to be well adapted for exhibition purposes. By a judicious use of flags and other decorative resources, brilliant effect is secured where Englishmen would have despaired of obtaining it; and in the huge rotunda of the Pavillon de Panorama and at points of the Annexe we have even an approach to those sensations of bewildering astonishment which the building of 1851, with its fairy-like architecture, excited. The nave of the Palais de l'Industrie certainly still remains overcrowded with objects, and the view of it from the galleries is sadly deformed by the ugly square tops of stalls protruding far into it, and covered with dust; but even here the *coup d'œil* from the ground-floor is very striking, and has been greatly improved by the variegated canvas lining of the roof. It will be borne in mind that the Imperial Commissioners have followed the example of our Royal Commission in having the principal trophies of the Exhibition arranged along the centre of the nave, with the main avenues for visitors on either side of them. In other respects, no material alteration has taken place in the arrangements of the Palace and Annexe, as described at the period of the opening. In the former, France still occupies the north half of the building—the foreign countries, with Great Britain, the southern half. Here, and in the Pavillon de Panorama, the products of the higher and more elaborate departments of industry are exhibited, while the Annexe is devoted chiefly to raw materials, machinery, and the larger and more important, but less sightly, products of human labor. Hence it arises that the colonies of England and France are found in this section of the Exhibition, and that in it also are to be sought out many of the most valuable results which the collection yields to the sum of our industrial knowledge. The extraordinary progress shown to have taken place in art-manufactures since 1851, makes the Annexe less frequented or admired than other portions of the Exhibition; but the chief interest and value of the display as a whole are, nevertheless, mainly concentrated in that shed, 5,000 feet long; and there are principally to be gathered those precious glimpses which such

undertakings afford into what the future promises or is capable of accomplishing for the great cause of human labor. In the new world of information which international exhibitions are opening to us, men of acute minds and reflective powers are only yet beginning to spell their way; but no one who has paid any attention to these subjects, can fail to observe that the defects of the display of 1851 are now being steadily made up. Other countries, on that occasion, felt their short-comings in machinery; and, accordingly, in that department vast and striking progress has been made. Not only do the chief industrial nations of the Continent grapple with the difficulties of perfecting their workmanship, and endeavor to imitate, however roughly, the triumphs of our best mechanics; they also exhibit a number of machines having considerable pretensions to novelty of design, and likely to be extremely useful. Belgium, it is said, bears away the palm, even from England, for the best made locomotives. The magnificent display of Prussian steel shown by Krupp, has excited general admiration; and among the French makers, Cail's and other houses contribute works of a kind very superior to anything shown in England, from abroad, four years ago. Our engineers, pre-occupied by Government contracts, exhibit a comparatively small quantity of machinery, and that, though excellent of its kind, showing no very marked progress. There are only one or two marine engines of British manufacture in the Exhibition, and these by no means remarkable for their merit in design. On the other hand, the great want of taste so painfully visible in Hyde Park, in 1851, in all those departments of manufacture where beauty of form and color are essential, has evidently attracted great attention during the interval which has since elapsed. Strenuous efforts have been made to redeem these defects, and with corresponding success. In our furniture, our pottery, our carpets, and in textile fabrics generally this is very conspicuous; nor can any one go carefully through the British department of the Paris Exhibition without being strongly impressed by the progress thus made. Nearly all those monstrosities which disfigured the British display of 1851 have disappeared, and instead we find the best materials admirably wrought up into shapes nearly always unobjectionable, and sometimes highly artistic and refined. Thus it would appear that the tendency of these great illustrations of industry is to diffuse productive excellence over the widest possible field, to enable each nation to bring up its manufactures to the highest known standard of excellence, and to make the progress of industry and of genius instructively available to all.

The Queen and Prince Albert took so active a part in the Exhibition of 1851, that it

would have been surprising indeed had they not shown, during their present visit to Paris, a strong interest in that now open here. If their feelings can be at all estimated by the extent of the survey which they took to-day, the exhibitors must be highly gratified that so much respect for industry should be entertained by personages so illustrious. It is no ordinary effort, in the present intensely hot weather, even for a man to traverse for three hours the boarded floors of an immense building, and to notice a great variety of objects which, however remarkable singly, become oppressive in the aggregate from the strain to which they put the attention. But Her Majesty went through this great exertion without resting more than once by the way. She evinced an earnest desire to see everything that was worth seeing, and it was evident that time alone prevented her from making that minute inspection of the wonders of the French Exhibition which marked her numerous visits to the display in Hyde Park. The Prince showed even more curiosity, and rushed about from object to object with the eagerness of an enthusiast. He took with him the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, while the Queen leant on the arm of the Emperor, and Prince Napoleon acted as a cicerone. On entering the interior they first visited the series of courts devoted to French bronzes, and which comprise contributions from all the most celebrated manufacturers. Thence, returning, they proceeded to the eastern end of the nave, and, crossing to the south side, passed in front of the Prussian, Austrian, Belgian, and other foreign departments, the more showy and elaborate productions of which divided their attention with the trophies along the centre. Arrived at the English space they entered the court of Messrs. Elkington, and were for some time occupied in admiring the splendid examples of electroplating in different metals with which this court is furnished; thence their progress was directed to the collection of pottery, to Minton's unrivalled display, and to those of Daniel Rose, Wedgwood, Copeland, and other exhibitors. This may not be quite the strongest feature of the British section, but for extraordinary and varied excellence it ranks with any other, and our neighbors are never tired of praising it. Having completed their survey at this point, the Emperor and his guests, with their retinue of commissioners and jurors, again betook themselves to the nave, doubling its western extremity, and examining with delighted curiosity the exquisite productions which here embellish it. Arrived at the point whence they had started, they now crossed over to the south side, and entered the series of outer courts which surrounded the Pavillon de Panorama, and which are filled with an immense and splendid display of

French manufactures. Here the show of furniture and of musical instruments appeared chiefly to attract their attention, but they also seemed much interested by the buffet for the supply of refreshments, and a series of beautiful designs was not passed unnoticed. When the examination of the outer courts had been completed, the Emperor and his guests passed into the magnificent Pavillon de Panorama, with its unrivalled collection from the great national establishments of Sèvres, Gobelins, and Beauvais, its carpets, hangings, and tapestry from the looms of Aubusson—its gold and silver work, the masterpieces of the most skilful Parisian workmen, and, above all, the Crown jewels of France, placed in the very centre of the pavilion, and having the Imperial diadem, surmounted by the Regent Diamond as their culminating point. There was no part of the Exhibition of 1851, there is no part of the present display, nor have we ever seen anything the splendor of which at all approaches that accumulated in this apartment. It is certainly calculated to give every foreigner a magnificent idea of the encouragement which it is the system of the French Government to extend to the highest and most difficult branches of manufactures. We do not say, nor do we believe, that the results produced are an equivalent for the expense incurred. It seems to us an unsound and dangerous policy in the State thus to interfere with the natural development and tendencies of certain branches of industry; but apart from such considerations, it is impossible to speak too strongly in praise of the exquisite taste and refined execution which the majority of the objects in the pavilion exhibit. Here Her Majesty and the Prince had submitted to their inspection the new and interesting metal, aluminum, both in bars and made into spoons, forks, tankards, and other articles of domestic use. The lightness, elasticity and ductility of this substance are very remarkable, and confident hopes are entertained that it may be produced at a rate and applied to uses upon which to found results important to industry. The Queen examined for a long time and with the liveliest curiosity the Imperial crown and the immense number of splendid jewels by which it is surrounded. The former is of exquisite design and workmanship—a diadem in the true sense of the word, and surmounted at the apex by the Regent Diamond, which, though somewhat smaller, seems to be a far more brilliant stone than its rival, the Koh-i-noor. Her Majesty and the Prince spent a considerable time also in examining the manufactures of Sèvres, which, in splendor, far surpass all past efforts of that establishment, and leave France in undoubted possession of the supremacy in the practice of the ceramic art. Wonderful as Minton's pottery is, it must

in candor be admitted that he has been distanced. His consolation will be that he has approached so near to so great and overwhelming a rival. He has also the commercial view of the question entirely on his side, for his prices do not take even his most expensive works out of the market, a great consideration to be borne in mind, and which must be his encouragement to persevere in a path of improvement and enterprise honorable not only to himself but to the industry of his country. When the survey of the pavilion had been completed, Her Majesty rested for some time, and partook of refreshments brought from the buffet. The illustrious party now proceeded to the Annexe, the greater portion of which they traversed, examining attentively the splendid display of machinery and raw produce with which it is filled. Their special notice was directed to several objects in this course of their progress by the Prince Napoleon, but otherwise it was impossible to linger much over the many valuable and important features of this portion of the Exhibition. It must have been with extreme regret that Her Majesty and Prince Albert passed through the Canadian collection without being able to look more closely into it. Had Her Majesty's time and strength, exhausted by so long a promenade, permitted her to do so, she could scarcely fail to have been gratified by its contents. Throughout the huge mass of objects which the Paris Exhibition contains there is not a single display so practical, complete, and strictly industrial in its character as that contributed by the Government of our North America possessions. It completely distances the collection forwarded from the United States, and bears within it most convincing evidences of the resources and the productive energy of these self-governed dependencies of the Crown. The details of this Exhibition it is impossible for us to dilate upon now, but they are full of interest, and will amply repay all who study them.

On leaving the Palace the Emperor and his guests proceeded to the Tuileries, where they had luncheon. At half-past 4 o'clock they returned to St. Cloud, where at 8 a grand banquet was given. The festivities of the day terminate by a theatrical performance, for which the artistes of the Gymnase are engaged, the play being *Le Fils de Famille*.

In the course of the afternoon his Royal Highness Prince Albert paid a visit to Prince Adalbert of Bavaria, who is staying at Meurice's Hotel.

PARIS, Friday Morning.

On Wednesday afternoon, after their lengthened survey of the Exhibition, the Queen and Prince Albert, accompanied only by the Royal children, went incognito in a hired car-

riage to the Jardin des Plantes. This has always been considered one of the principal sights of Paris, and the illustrious strangers were much gratified by all that they saw there. The programme of yesterday's movements included a lengthened visit paid by Prince Albert to the Palais d'Industrie, and which lasted from half-past 10 o'clock till half-past 1; lunch at the Tuileries, followed by the Emperor and his guests going through the picture galleries of the Louvre; dinner *en famille* at the Tuileries, and at 9 o'clock a grand ball at the Hotel de Ville.

The Prince was accompanied through the Exhibition by Prince Napoleon and many of the commissioners and jurors. His inspection appeared to be guided by no particular plan, and to be for the purpose of making purchases on his own behalf and that of Her Majesty, as well as to gratify his curiosity. It may be found interesting to mark some at least of the objects which chiefly attracted his attention, for even in the disconnected form due to their association with such a visit they may help to awaken in the minds of the English people some approach to a proper appreciation of the Paris Exhibition, of its extraordinary value as an industrial display, and of the importance that all who can spare the time and money should cross the Channel to examine it. His Royal Highness began with the ground floor, on the north side of the Palace, which is appropriated exclusively to French manufactures. This he went through from end to end with great care, stopping for a long time before the furniture of Barbedienne Tahan; the jewellery and precious metal cases of Froment-Meurice, Rudolphi, Lebrun, Callot, Marel, and other eminent makers. The display in zinc of the Vieille Montagne Company, Boy, and Miroy also attracted his marked attention; nor is it surprising that it should, when one considers the extraordinary improvements which are visible in this branch of production since 1851. In that portion of the building the porcelain turned out by the private establishments of France is displayed; and the contrast which it suggests with our makers on the one hand, and the ceramic triumphs of Sevres on the other, is sufficiently striking. Ascending the staircase at the east end of the Palais the Prince took particular notice of Foucault's remarkable pendulum experiment, showing the diurnal rotation of the earth, which is exhibited there. By the action of an electro magnet, which has a voltaic battery underneath it, a fresh impulse is given to the pendulum at very oscillation, without causing any divergence, and thus the accuracy of the apparatus is said to be increased to a degree which enables it to mark the flight of time like a clock. The great display of textile fabrics from Lyons was next passed in review, and his Royal Highness paused fre-

quently to examine the splendid design and exquisite effects of color in many of these productions. It was his intention here to have witnessed several experiments illustrative of recent discoveries in chymistry, which possess high scientific interest, and may lead to important practical results; but Dumas, who was to have conducted the experiments, was unfortunately absent, and, in consequence, they were not shown. One is a new mechanical pump for creating a more perfect vacuum than has ever hitherto been produced, and among the effects obtained from it is the solidifying of liquid laughing gas by evaporation.

Another is a beautiful chymical process for extracting the plumbago from Ceylon black-lead in such a state as to be at once fit for compression into lead pencils. There was also exhibited here the new and beautiful dye, alizarine, obtained from the extract of madder, and yielding a series of madder lacs, remarkable for the purity of their colors. Our most eminent scientific authorities concur in stating that so wonderful a collection of novelties in chymistry has never previously been seen together, and they were much disappointed that his Royal Highness was unable to witness the proposed experiments, and to receive the explanations of M. Dumas. While in the north gallery the Prince visited the beautiful suite of apartments fitted up there by M. Cruchet for the Empress. He also paid marked attention to the stalls filled with jewellery, the enamels, the imitations of precious stones, and other articles of personal ornament which overlook the nave on that side of the building, and which afford so curious an insight into the manufacturing tastes of the Parisians. Descending to the ground floor and entering the Courts which surround the Pavillon de Panorama, the collections of furniture and arms displayed there were carefully examined. In the former department of industry our neighbors greatly outshone us in 1851, but our best London makers have greatly improved since then, and the result is that we now hold a much more satisfactory position. Messrs. Jackson and Graham, of Oxford-street, have especially distinguished themselves by at least one work, a cabinet in the French style, superior to anything of the kind in the Exhibition. In arms there is a small but brilliant and beautifully arranged display, the effect of which is considerably increased by the care which the gunmakers of France pay to external ornamentation. Our manufacturers, whatever want of enterprise they may have shown, at least concentrate their attention upon essential points of finish, and when they have learnt to consult the mechanical engineers a little more than hitherto will astonish the world by the effectiveness of the weapons they will turn out. As an illus-

tration of this it may be mentioned that Mr. Westley Richards has already found the shooting of the Minié rifle improved from 50 to 100 per cent. by the use of Whitworth's difference gauges in perfecting the bore and the size of the ball used. After satisfying his curiosity as to the French contributions in the neighborhood of the Pavillon de Panorama, the Prince returned to the Palais d'Industrie and proceeded to examine the English display. He could not have failed to observe with regret how inadequately some of our great manufacturing towns—Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and Bradford especially—are represented, and he must have remarked the fine shows made by Manchester, Glasgow, Sheffield, Leeds, Nottingham, Dundee, and other centres of industry. The different spirit which has actuated different communities in exhibiting may be due in some degree to the operation of the protective system in France, but other causes have been at work also—causes which are to be much regretted considering the extension and importance which the Paris Exhibition has assumed, and the attention which, though long-deferred, it is certain to excite among the industrial classes of all civilized nations. After the Prince had completed his survey of British manufactures on the ground floor he ascended to the gallery, and there his attention was immediately riveted by the wonderful collection of minerals, of agricultural produce, and of rising industries sent from our Australian possessions. It is impossible to speak too highly of these, or to exaggerate the interest which attaches to them. Curiously enough, the French visitors to the Palais d'Industrie do not appear to bestow the notice which would certainly have been excited in England on the golden treasures of Victoria, but probably this arises from the out-of-the-way place allotted to them, for one can hardly bring himself to believe that the universal passion for the most precious and beautiful of all metals is less strongly felt here than elsewhere. There are nuggets here big enough to make everybody who sees them wish himself a digger, but the mineral wealth of these remote English possessions does not appear to have withdrawn the minds of the colonists from seeking fortune in those channels of labor most familiar to the experience of the world, and the visitor hangs with undivided interest over the first steps of such young communities in developing for themselves all the leading ramifications of industry. From the Australian exhibition the Prince passed to look at those of Tunis and Turkey, Greece, Persia, and the Italian States. These upon the whole are not so characteristic or distinctive as they were 1851, but they are, nevertheless, well worthy of a visit, and from all of them there is some-

thing to be learned. Over the Indian collection, which surpasses considerably in value and instructiveness that of Hyde-park, his Royal Highness was conducted by Captain Shepherd, the deputy-chairman of the Court of Directors, and by Dr. Royle. This department excited the unbounded admiration of the French, who are always assembled there in great numbers, and whose predilections for ornamental production make them confess that they can study in no finer school. How curious it is that with all our efforts after the beautiful as applied to industry, the poor Hindoo artist, who traces his unprogressive skill through a descending experience of many centuries, should still be our master in design.

Among the English display of jewellery and gold and silver work, the Prince seemed most struck by the stalls of Hunt and Roskell and of Hancock. The former show a magnificent shield, a noble effort of repousse work, and intended to portray the contest between Jupiter and the Titans. The latter exhibits in his case, among several other objects of interest, Mr. Hope's celebrated blue diamond and Miss Burdett Coutts's magnificent set of sapphires. Mr. Hancock also shows a fine oxidized silver cup, representing the interview between Henry VIII. and Francis I., designed and modelled by Armstead, a young English artist of rising merit. The jewels in his case, including the emerald and collar of the young Maharajah Duleep Sing, are valued at the enormous sum of £250,000. In his progress along the English gallery the Prince's attention was arrested by a large number of objects, but it is impossible at present to do more than allude to some of the more conspicuous. Among these may be mentioned the excellent dressing-cases by Mechi and Leuchars, the admirable show of fancy stationery by Delarue and Co., the display of Irish poplins and lace, the cromolithographic and the photographic exhibitions, in which we surpass all other countries, and the new ordnance survey of Scotland, which it is whispered about has been recommended for a gold medal by the jury to whose class it belongs. From the English department the Prince worked steadily through those of other foreign countries, taking their gallery space first, and then examining their ground-floor space. He saw enough to enable him to estimate their general character, but some of their most striking and important specialties escaped his observation. For example, Gintel's, of Vienna, discovery, by which two messages can be sent at the same moment in opposite directions along one telegraphic wire; the perfect calculating machine, so long sought for, and which stereotypes its results, exhibited from Sweden; the beautiful and admirably-working composing

and distributing machine, produced by a Dane. A few realized results like these soon compensate for the cost of international Exhibitions. Yet there are many equally valuable distributed all over this mighty collection, which even the experienced eyes of jurors slowly pick out from the mass, and of which therefore Royalty, with the best intentions, cannot be expected to take notice. The Prince was accompanied in his survey of the exhibition yesterday by M. Fould, whose strong resemblance to Mr. Cobden struck several of the Englishmen in the procession. Mr. Dilke, who so ably performed his duty as one of the executive committee of 1851, was also present; and here it may be mentioned that the exclusion of that gentleman from any share in the management of the British collection here has excited general surprise and regret. That distinguished officer, Colonel Gordon, R. A., who has arrived in Paris, on his way home from the Crimea, was in the building yesterday during the Prince's visit.

The Royal party went through the picture galleries of the Louvre in strict privacy, and public curiosity, deprived of the opportunity of gratifying its promptings there, concentrated itself with extraordinary eagerness upon the evening festivities at the Hotel de Ville. All Paris was not only anxious, but maddened to go, and not only all Paris, but everybody of importance from the provinces or from foreign countries now sojourning in the capital. How small is the proportion of that mighty aggregate likely to measure their dignity by our modest scale on such an occasion one may readily conceive, but one thing was quite certain,—large as the accommodation of the Hotel de Ville is, it has its limits, and beyond these the city of Paris would not be justified in going with their invitations. It was requisite "to draw the line somewhere," and the consequence was that many who either were or believed themselves entitled to be present never received their cards. Among them, from some unexplained cause, which will probably increase very much the feelings of irritation with which they regard their treatment by the ambassador, were a large number of the British jurors—men whose position at the head of great branches of industry and whose claims in connection with the Exhibition beyond all question entitled them to be asked. Even Lord Cowley may find that he has acted unwisely in establishing a law of wounded dignity among such a body. They had hardly recovered from his neglect of them in the presence-chamber of the Emperor the other day, when this fresh cause of annoyance has broken forth, and in some way or other they are pretty certain to find their revenge. Last night it was rather a serious affair to encounter any of them, so charged

were they with the highly explosive and combustible materials developed by what they consider to be diplomatic superciliousness. How the matter will end it is impossible to tell, but the exasperation deserves to be recorded. If carried much further some of our most eminent men in science and the arts will be bursting like so many Disney shells, and it will be positively dangerous to go to Galignani's or the courtyard of Meurice's. Barring disappointment, the ball last night at the Hotel de Ville was certainly one of the most magnificent entertainments ever given by the inhabitants of a capital to a Sovereign in friendly alliance with its ruler. The exterior was profusely and most tastefully decorated with flags, and illuminated by a row of gas jets running along the entire façade. Immense pyramids of colored lamps were also placed around the entrance. The company began to assemble at the doors before 8 o'clock. At half-past 9 the Imperial and Royal cortege arrived. The Emperor, giving his arm to the Queen, led her into the court of Louis Quatorze, which had been enclosed by a temporary roof, and converted into a vast vestibule. An immense chandelier hung from the roof, the windows looking into the courtyard were draped with red curtains and illuminated by numerous small chandeliers, and beneath a grand double staircase ran a cascade of clear water which gave a delightful freshness to the air. The floor of the court was richly carpeted, and a profusion of rare exotics was placed upon the staircase. The marble pillars of the court were newly polished, and the capitals picked out with white and gold. Her Majesty, leaning upon the Emperor's arm, ascended the grand staircase, followed by Prince Albert, who conducted the Princess Mathilde. Prince Napoleon and Prince Adalbert of Bavaria were also of the Royal party. The Royal visitors passed into the Hall of the Caryatides, where *fauteuils* were placed, and where the Ministers of State and their families passed before their Majesties. From this beautiful hall the illustrious party proceeded into the grand *salle de danse*, which presented a scene of dazzling magnificence. Here chairs of State were placed under a crimson velvet canopy, surmounted by an Imperial crown, the walls of the *salle* being covered with white satin embroidered with gold. Her Majesty opened the ball with the Emperor, Prince Albert giving his hand to the Princess Mathilde, and the remaining dancers in the quadrille being Prince Napoleon, Lady Cowley, Prince Adalbert and Mademoiselle Hausmann, granddaughter of the Prefect of the Seine. After the quadrille some Arab chiefs were presented, whose picturesque bournous, cool white robes, black beards, and piercing dark eyes excited a lively degree of interest among the

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Royal group; and whose obeisances to Her Majesty and the Emperor were most profound. One or two other quadrilles were danced by the company while the Royal visitors appeared to admire the noble proportions of the *salle*, the splendor of its chandeliers, and the beauty of its ceiling and decorations. The Emperor then led the Queen through the crowded rooms, followed by the other members of the Royal party and their suite, the company making way as they passed, and receiving their Majesties with the most respectful salutations, but without cries or exclamations. The whole suite of rooms of the Hotel de Ville were opened to the company, and lights, mirrors, fountains, statues, and the choicest flowers, disposed with exquisite taste, made the scene one of the most dazzling in beauty and brilliancy that can possibly be conceived. About 8,000 persons were present. Every official person appeared in the full uniform of his military, naval, or civil rank, and wore the stars or insignia of his orders. The ladies' toilettes were of singular beauty and richness, and as there were diplomatists, attachés, and military men from every country in Europe in full costume, the splendor of the scene was complete. Her Majesty wore a white silk robe covered with lace and embroidered with the flowers of the geranium, a diadem of diamonds, and a splendid diamond necklace. She also wore the blue riband of the Order of the Garter, which the Emperor also wore over his uniform. The Royal visitors, having made the circuit of the rooms, left the Hotel de Ville by the grand staircase, Her Majesty staying to admire as she descended the tasteful preparations made to do her honor, and expressing to the Prefect the warm admiration and delight which she had derived from her visit. Their Majesties then took their departure. The Queen and Prince Albert were attended by the Earl of Clarendon, the Marquis of Breadalbane, General Grey, Colonel Phipps, Lord Alfred Paget, Sir James Clark, etc., and by the Ladies in Waiting. The Empress was unable to be present. After the Royal party had left, dancing was resumed in various apartments, and continued until daybreak. Ices and other refreshments were most liberally provided, and the extreme heat made the demand for them very great, but nothing was wanting to render the *fête* worthy alike of the powerful Sovereigns in whose honor it was given and of the great city which thus splendidly entertained them.

PARIS, Saturday, Aug. 25.

The visit which the Emperor and Prince Albert paid the Ecole de Tir at Vincennes yesterday, and the practice which they witnessed not only with the Minie but in artillery also, form an interesting and even instruct-

ive incident in that great historical event which the inhabitants of Paris are now witnessing. Rifle shooting has been very much neglected as a branch of military training in England, and even the men who have been taught at Hythe have hitherto gone back to their regiments and resumed their ordinary duties without being turned to account in making good marksmen of their comrades. At Woolwich there are no facilities for the use of great guns, and at Shoeburyness the establishment kept up is so small, and the place itself so inaccessible, that the experiments made there from time to time are conducted under the greatest possible disadvantages. It is well known that officers and soldiers belonging to our artillery force have been sent in considerable numbers to the East who have never fired a cannon in their lives, and, looking at the preparatory system of training, the only wonder is that this arm of the service has succeeded so well in the East. Here matters are very different. The Emperor takes an enlightened interest in the efficiency of the French artillery, and before circumstances raised him to the position which he now occupies wrote a work upon the subject, which, when there was no object to be gained by flattery, was spoken of with praise. Having now full power, he is not a man likely to neglect the opportunity for developing to the utmost the mechanical and scientific resources which in modern times are the only available counterpoise to the force of numbers in war. Therefore the visit to Vincennes yesterday may fairly be regarded as almost a formal recognition of the importance which the allied Powers attach to the subject of rifle and artillery practice. On their return, soon after mid-day, to the Tuileries, the Emperor and Prince found the Queen already arrived there from St. Cloud, and after luncheon they all proceeded to visit the Exhibition. They arrived at the grand entrance to the Palace d'Industrie at half past 2 o'clock, and, as on Wednesday, though even with more pomp and ceremony, were received on alighting from their carriages by Prince Napoleon, the members and officers of the Imperial Commission, the foreign commissioners, and the jurors. The illustrious party were first conducted to the sheds between the main building and the Annexe appropriated to carriages and French agricultural machinery, which was rapidly surveyed. There a separation took place, the Emperor, the Queen, and the Princess Royal returning to the Palace, while Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales remained behind to complete their examination of this department, and also to visit the interesting collection in the Annexe. Their Majesties described the circuit of the galleries, examining with great interest the varied collections of industry which that por-

tion of the Exhibition contains. The English department, including the Indian Courts, the Australian display, and the stalls of our principal silversmiths and jewellers, was first visited, then Belgium, Austria, Prussia, the minor German States, Sweden and Norway, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Spain, and Portugal. The Queen paid particular attention, in the course of her tour, to M. Foucault's apparatus for showing the rotation of the Earth, which was explained to her and the Princess Royal by the inventor. Her Majesty also went carefully over the Lyons Gallery, and made some purchases therein. After admiring the beautiful saloon and boudoir of the Empress, the exquisite products of the St. Etienne looms, and the contributions from Sardinia, Tuscany, the Pontifical States, Tunis, Egypt, and Turkey, the illustrious party descended the staircase immediately opposite to that by which they had reached the gallery, and surveyed for a time the French exhibition on the ground floor. Here the bull furniture, work-boxes, and toys attracted their attention, and with the latter especially Her Majesty appeared much amused. Before quitting the Palace the Queen visited the United States department, but the display of goods there is not worthy of the American people, and decidedly inferior, both in interest and utility, to that from our own Canadian provinces. Let us return now to the Prince, whom we left in the agricultural implement shed, overhauling the ponderous and clumsy-looking machinery with which the French farmer conducts his business. His Royal Highness minutely examined many of these machines, and, though roughly made compared with the same class of productions in England, there can be no doubt that in the materials valuable suggestions are to be found amongst them. Our neighbors appear to bestow great pains in the manufacture of their millstones, a fact which may in some degree account for the superior fineness of their flour. They show on this occasion a large number of portable steam-engines for agricultural purposes—one of several striking facts which prove how closely they are treading on the heels of even our most improved practice, and how necessary it is for us never to think ourselves secure from competition, or able to rest for a moment on our oars. In the Annexe his Royal Highness took a rapid survey of some points which possess extreme interest, and among them the Canadian collection, through which he was conducted by Mr. Logan and Mr. Perry. His Royal Highness had pointed out to him the extraordinary specimens of cheapness combined with excellence in the manufacture of wood which that collection contains, the valuable nature of the woods for most useful purposes, the splendid display of seeds and minerals, the

production of new substances, such as isinglass and porpoise leather, to which the Exhibition of 1851 had first directed attention, and many other points of interest, to which it is for the moment impossible to refer. The time at his disposal for visiting the Annexe did not permit the Prince to do much beyond passing rapidly through it from end to end. Had he been able to remain a little longer there he could not have failed to appreciate the extreme importance of that wonderful collection, which really presents us with the materials for judging how far the principal nations of the continent are appealing to those mechanical agencies in relief of labor from which we have profited so largely as a people.

The review in the Champ de Mars, at half past 5 o'clock, differed only from that of ordinary occasions in the presence of such unwonted and illustrious spectators. That consideration gave, of course, an extraordinary interest to the display, for it cannot be regarded as otherwise than extraordinary that the Queen and Royal family of England should with the entire approbation of the English people see 50,000 Frenchmen march past them in arms, of all places in the world on the Champ de Mars, and shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*" to the nephew and heir of the Great Napoleon. The advance of the Imperial and Royal *cortège* from the Pont Jena to the Ecole Militaire, with the troops drawn up, the cavalry on the left, and the infantry on the right, so as to form a sort of grand military avenue for them, was a wonderfully fine sight, as it always must be, but when the *cortège* approached, and the Queen and Empress were seen seated with the Prince of Wales and Princess Royal opposite, and the Emperor and Prince Albert on horseback at either side of the carriage, one need not be surprised that the mind of the spectator should seek and find in the scene thus presented to him a peculiar and extraordinary interest. The troops rent the air with their acclamations as the Emperor took his guests along their front, battalion after battalion, and squadron upon squadron, to inspect them. During the defiling also, which commenced as soon as the inspection terminated, and was witnessed by the Queen and Empress from the principal balcony of the Ecole Militaire, the shouts of each regiment were equally enthusiastic, and there can be no doubt that if an army is ever permitted to think or can do so—a matter certainly against theory, though that is not always realized in practice—the French army hails the visit of Queen Victoria with as much gratification as the inhabitants of Paris and the country at large. It was observed as a minor point yesterday that while the troops of the Garde Impériale marched past in columns of companies only two deep, those of the line went by three

deep. The men looked exceedingly smart and well up in their discipline, nor with the constant drain which the war in the East imposes does the Emperor appear at all in want of good, well-trained soldiers. General Canrobert appeared among the brilliant escort which accompanied Her Majesty, and as often as he was recognized received a hearty cheer. The weather, which looked very threatening during the progress of the review, fortunately continued fair until it had terminated. But then the rain descended in torrents, and it was in the midst of a thunderstorm that the Emperor took his guests to the Hospital of the Invalides, there to visit the tomb of the First Napoleon. Well might nature show signs of elemental agitation while such an act of homage to the ashes of the mighty dead was in progress! After dining *en famille* at the Tuileries, the Imperial and Royal party went to the Opera Comique, where they appeared with less state, but were received with quite as much enthusiasm as on Tuesday at the Grand Opera. So terminated the programme of Friday's proceedings, a day in some measure devoted to the interests of peace, but with which the pomp and circumstance of military display were also skilfully blended, and wherein those who study the *rationale* of such preconcerted events may find much food for curious reflection. It would not be difficult to show the consummate tact with which the programme of the Queen's visit from beginning to end has been arranged; but if any proof of it be sought more decisive than another it will be obtained in the gradually culminating effect which the Emperor has managed to give his reception of her, and of this perhaps the best illustration is the review in the Champ de Mars, following a quiet morning at the Exhibition, and itself followed by one of those graceful acts which, at the will of those who interpret it, may be construed either as regret for the past or as a tribute to departed greatness independently of all other considerations.

Sunday Morning.

We now come to Saturday's programme of festivities, and find them even more artistic, splendid, and successful than any that had preceded them—more conclusive in the evidence which they afford of the extreme care with which every detail connected with this memorable visit has been thought out, and of the taste and judgment with which the whole affair has been conducted.

A quiet visit to St. Germain, with its fine scenery of forest, river, and chateau, began the day, and fitly prepared his Royal guests for that wondrous spectacle which the Emperor had prepared in their honor at Versailles. Our English jurors and commissioners had also early in the morning been put into good humor

with themselves and all the world, except, perhaps, Lord Cowley, by being presented to Prince Albert. His Royal Highness received them at St. Cloud, and made the interview more agreeable and flattering to each by his own Exhibition experiences.

The Colonial Commissioners presented to the Prince were Mr. M'Arthur, representing New South Wales, and the secretary, Mr. Bousfield; Mr. Logan, Special Commissioner, Messrs. Maitland and Sterry Hunt, representing Canada; Mr. Holmes, representing British Guiana.

The British jurors present were Sir John Burgoyne, G.C.B., Sir Joseph Olliffe, Messrs. Alderman Carter, Crampton, C.E., Warren do la Rue, Fairbairn, C.E., George Rennie, Professor Wheatstone, Professor Willis, Mr. Digby Wyatt, and Mr. J. Webb, Mr. Locke, M.P., and Dr. Arnot were prevented by the urgent business of their juries from being present. Mr. Cole, C.B., General Commissioner; Mr. Redgrave, R. A., Special Commissioner; and Captain Fowke, R. E., were also present.

To most of these gentlemen his Royal Highness addressed questions calculated to elicit what they thought most worthy of special mention in their respective departments. Mr. M'Arthur was too modest to tell the Prince a fact which is creating a great sensation here, viz.—that Australia exhibits wines of extraordinary excellence, Tokay especially, being finer than the best produced in Hungary. Otherwise the commissioners and jurors were frank enough. Mr. Logan told his Royal Highness that Canada had experienced incalculable benefit from the Exhibition of 1851. He may rest satisfied that her present display in Paris, so practical and complete of its kind, will not be less advantageous to her. The Prince seemed very desirous to hear of some new and cheap fibre for the manufacture of paper, and on this point the Commissioner for British Guiana expressed his confidence that an ample supply of a material such as would answer the purpose most satisfactorily could be drawn from his colony.

But we are diverging once more into the subject of industry, instead of asking the reader to accompany us in imagination to Versailles and pass a too short night there amid splendors such as few of those who witnessed them can ever hope to see approached. Talk, indeed, of enchanted palaces and fairy halls and illuminated gardens, and all the decorative adjuncts with which the fancy teems when its love of the wonderful is highly excited. But what idea can they give you, or any true description of anything short of having been present yourself, as to what Versailles was last night? You must go back to the feelings which you had when still a child—to the time when the imagination and the senses were so

quick that nothing seemed impossible to you—when it was not too difficult to put “a girdle round the earth” or to perform any one of “delicate Arief’s” proffered feats. The age of fresh and young belief in wonders is nearly worn out, or only lives in the cold forms which severe science and calculating hard-headed discovery prescribe. But what is wanted here is the confiding credulousness of nursery days, an unquestioning spirit that will think we tell our story only too plainly, and be angry with us because we try to be simple. Some 10 miles from Paris, to the westward, stands the Palace of Versailles, a building of great extent, surrounded by a terraced garden in the Italian style, with fountains and statues spreading coolness and beauty outside, and long ranges of saloons and halls within, the walls of which are either hung with historical paintings or decorated with marble and gilding and mirrors and tapestry. A lovely autumn night has set in, and the moon is shining pensively in a sky which is not altogether free from clouds, and yet not overcast. As you approach this home of the Sovereigns of France, wherein in times gone by so many wonderful persons have lived and so many strange and great scenes taken place, you find the long avenues lighted up, and the architectural outlines of the building itself indicated by lines of gas illumination. There is a block up of carriages at the entrance to the courtyard, all filled with men in Court dresses, and women so beautiful, so covered with jewels that they flash out upon you through the dark, and whose light robes carefully held up to prevent crushing, make them look like so many Venuses emerging from the foam of the sea. Presently a sergent de ville and your own dexterity get you through, and you are soon passing through anterooms filled with stately porters and footmen who stand up as you pass by and don’t laugh, but look very grave indeed at the horrible absurdities of the uniform which you have borrowed from some *costumier* for the occasion. A staircase brings you to the floor on which the State apartments in splendid success set forth upon their emblazoned walls the historical glories of France. But before you enter these you must give up the precious green ticket which you have persecuted everybody for several days to obtain, and only got at last as a favor never to be repaid, except by prostrating yourself before the donor for the rest of your days. You forget all that, in what you now have to see. The retinue of servants disappears, and the Cent Gardes in full costume, varied occasionally by a Sapeur Pompier, occupy a series of chambers through which you pass in grand procession. Standing in pairs at the entrance to each *salle* they look upon you with magnificent coldness as you pass. But at length you leave the bulk of them behind, and join the rest of the com-

pany, who you find are all in uniform, moving about in a flood of light poured down upon them from thousands of waxlights. Imagine the effect. The windows are all open, the night comes in refreshingly, and you turn to look out upon the terrace, when, behold, you find its verge of ballustrade illuminated with colored lamps which have converted it into an arcade of variegated splendor, in which three sets of arches with terminal crowns over them form the most conspicuous objects. The fountain basins in the foreground have undergone the same process of decoration, and their surfaces tremble under the murmuring flash of gas jets like lakes of molten silver or gold. Arab chiefs move about with the slow, solemn gait which they appear to have borrowed from their own camels, admiring the wonderful spectacle within the palace and outside. Suddenly, towards the south, a gun is heard, the bands in the great mirrored ballroom play “God Save the Queen,” and a movement among the crowd shows the fireworks have commenced. On the further verge of a fine sheet of water, with the shadows of the Park behind to bring out its effects and the thunder of the cannon countenancing authoritatively the streams of soaring rockets, the pyrotechnic display takes place. We know nothing about the management of such things in England, nor does Cremorne or Vauxhall give any, the faintest, conception of the refined splendor with which they are conducted on this occasion. A double bouquet, the first springing from a transparency of Windsor Castle, and the last, still more magnificent, from ships of war, brings the fireworks to a close, and causes the ball to open with everybody in a frenzy of admiration. Then the Emperor, wearing the Riband of the Garter, takes the Queen into the circle prepared for her, and Prince Albert leads as his partner the Princess Mathilde, and Prince Napoleon the Princess Royal, and the Prince of Wales and Prince Adalbert of Bavaria join in the stately quadrille, which is danced while grave Ministers of State, like Lord Clarendon, and Count Walewski, and Lord Cowley, and soldiers like Canrobert, and Vaillant, and the Arab chiefs, already alluded to, some in white bournous, some in red, look solemnly on at a spectacle such as few of those who witnessed it can ever hope to see repeated. Waltzes and quadrilles followed each other three or four times. Among the Imperial and Royal guests Her Majesty the Empress looks gayly on, a perfect Queen of the Revels, though not sharing in them before general dancing commenced. It was midnight when the Emperor took Her Majesty and the rest of the Court to a banquet, which was magnificently served in the Theatre of the Palace.

The ball at Versailles may be considered in some respects as the drop-scene of this Royal

visit, for to-day is a *dies non*, and to-morrow Her Majesty returns to England. The public will therefore be able to judge of the finished skill with which the *fetes* of the memorable week which have just closed has been brought to so splendid a climax.

BOULOGNE, Monday Night.

THE Queen's visit to France and the Emperor Napoleon will have terminated before the following hastily written details of its closing scenes are in print. She embarks to-night at 11 o'clock on board the Royal yacht, and by 1 o'clock it is expected that she will be on her way to Osborne. Thus has been happily concluded an event the magnitude of which it is impossible to exaggerate, which has been achieved without a single drawback, and upon all the details connected with which not only the illustrious personages most directly concerned, but the populations of two countries the most powerful and civilized in the world, have every reason to congratulate themselves. From the spectacle of such accord between Sovereigns who, being independent of each other, yet are proud to show their mutual friendship, the happiest auguries for the future may fairly be gathered. Those who are thus united by the bonds of personal intimacy will know how to guard the strength which it manifestly gives, and study to guard against disturbing an alliance which, begun on the grounds of interest and policy, has now received an enthusiastic confirmation from the inhabitants both of Paris and London. It can no longer be doubted that the two nations have large sympathies in common, powerful enough to control all adverse influences, and to afford the best guarantees for the safety of Europe. The Queen's visit has partaken even more than the Emperor's of a public character, and, great as was the enthusiasm with which he was welcomed in our metropolis, it was at least equalled, if not surpassed, by the feeling which has greeted Her Majesty from all classes of Parisians. This was convincingly demonstrated to-day by the immense numbers in which they turned out along the route of the procession to witness her departure. A week's stay, during which she has constantly been seen driving in the streets, had in no sensible degree diminished the interest which her presence excited, and it must be among the highest consolations of Royalty for the cares which it involves to know that even among foreigners, who only know by repute the virtues which adorn our Sovereign, so much respect and homage are voluntarily accorded to her. It would really seem as if every thing had conspired to make this visit all that could be desired, for even the weather has been favorable to a degree that could hardly be hoped for. To-day there was not a cloud

in the sky, and the sun shown down upon the ceremony of the departure with a fervor of brilliancy which left no portion of the general effect undeveloped. As on the occasion of Her Majesty's arrival, the line of procession was kept by a military force, the troops of the National Guard, according to custom, holding the right side, and those of the regular army the left. The Garde de Paris and the Serpens de ville co-operated at all important points, and the best order and arrangements prevailed. The Emperor and his guests left St. Cloud for the Tuileries before ten o'clock, and thence, at half-past eleven, proceeded in carriages to the terminus of the Strasbourg Railway. The route followed was that by the Rue Castiglione, the Place Vendôme, and the Rue de la Paix, into the Boulevards, and along them to the station. The ceremonial observed was of a much more formal character than that of the entry into Paris. The *cortège*, which was marshalled with the greatest care to produce a splendid scenic effect, proceeded at a footpace for the whole distance traversed; and the Imperial carriage conveying His Majesty, the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Princess Royal — a magnificent equipage in all its appointments — was drawn by eight horses, each of which had a running groom leading him by a gilded bridle. On either side rode Marshal Magnan and General Löwenstein. Another carriage with six horses, and nearly as splendid, conveyed the Prince of Wales, Prince Napoleon, and two ladies. The suite followed, in five other carriages; end, in front and behind, there was an escort of Guides. A few Cent Gardes led the way, and behind them were the *Officiers d'Ordonnance*. It was altogether a most stately and imposing procession; and the spectacle which the Boulevards presented, as it slowly swept through them — the drums beating and the trumpets sounding a flourish, the troops presenting arms, and the vast multitude on the *trottoirs* shouting "*Vive la Reine!*" — was indescribably fine. The arrival at the station was signalled to all Paris by a double salute fired in honor of the Queen, and then for the Emperor. There, both outside and within, decorations even more effective and splendid than on the occasion of Her Majesty's arrival had been prepared. The initials "*V. A.*" interlaced in white flowers on a fresh bank of green leaves, closed in the end of the permanent way, the balconies were hung with velvet, the roof with streamers, and on the platform were assembled, within the gay range of elegantly-dressed ladies which bound it, a distinguished assemblage of official personages, who had come to take leave of Her Majesty or to see her safely on her way. Among these were M. de Baroche, M. de Persigny, Lord Cowley, and the *Attachés* of the Embassy; Count Walewski; M. Pietri, Prefect of Police;

M. Haussmann, the Prefect of the Seine; Baron Rothschild, chairman of the Northern Railway, and M. Petiet, chief engineer and manager; M. Perrier, Count de Segur, chairman; Duc de Galliera, vice-chairman; M. Sayr and M. Roux, directors; M. Bossange, secretary; and MM. Edwards, Sauvage, and Vin guer, engineers to the Strasbourg Railway. Their Majesties were at once conducted to the state-carriage, and the train, soon after twelve o'clock, took its departure amid loud cheers and the strains of "God save the Queen." At all the stations on the way, the neighboring population were collected in dense crowds to welcome the illustrious travellers; Amiens was, however, the point of a special demonstration: there the station was beautifully decorated, and a saloon had been prepared for Her Majesty. The National Guard, the Infantry of the Line, and Cuirassiers kept the platform, which was overlooked by a series of balconies filled with elegantly-dressed ladies. A salute of twenty-one guns welcomed the arrival of the train. Lieutenant-Colonel Duhamel, prefect of the department; General Boyer, Monseigneur de Salinis, Bishop of Amiens, the sub-prefects, the Cour Imperial, and all the functionaries of the department, were in attendance to receive their Majesties, who were greeted most enthusiastically. At Abbeville a party of dragoons were drawn up with the National Guard to preserve order; but the sight of the Imperial carriage was too much for the latter, and they fairly broke their ranks, rushed forward, beating the ground with their musket-butts, and shouting "*Vive la Reine!*" "*Vive l'Empereur,*" etc. It was five o'clock when the train reached Boulogne, and immediately after their arrival the Imperial and Royal party proceeded to review the troops now encamped on the heights.

The review took place on the sands in front of the Imperial Pavilion Hotel; and, like that in the Champ de Mars on Friday, consisted only of the inspection and *défilé*, the number of men assembled being from 45,000 to 50,000. This force, with the exception of a regiment of Lancers, consisted entirely of infantry of the line, there being no artillery present. The Emperor, Prince Albert, and Prince Napoleon were on horseback, attended by their equerries. Her Majesty and the other members of the Royal family, with the suite, witnessed the spectacle from carriages. The tide being out, and the sands tolerably dry, the troops were displayed to the greatest possible advantage, and looked superb. On the eastern or upper side of the sands were the Lancers, extended in one long line. In another, parallel and of equal length, were formed some fifteen regiments, in close-column of contiguous battalions; and at either end were masses of men brigaded together, whose serried ranks completed the

third and fourth sides of this great quadrangle. Here, in the centre, after first making the round of inspection, the Emperor and his guests took up their position amid a grand flourish of drums and trumpets. The *défilé* was soon over, but not until the setting sun lighting up with splendor so many successive forests and bayonets had left upon the mind of the spectator a most powerful impression. This became enhanced by the presence of the Royal squadron in the offing—a presence proclaimed in the thunders of a magnificent salute as the review closed. At its termination the Emperor took his guests to the Camp at Honvault, where from the heights they witnessed some practice with a new description of rocket.—Thence they drove as far as the Camp at Ambleuse, and night had fairly closed in before they returned to the Imperial Pavilion Hotel. The farewell dinner was laid with thirty covers, and while it was proceeding Boulogne was brilliantly illuminated. Exactly at 11 o'clock the embarkation was safely effected amid the roar of a salute from the fleet which shook the houses both at Folkestone and Dover. A wonderful display of fireworks accompanied the departure, which thus took place without a single mishap or drawback.—Indeed, looking back at all the arrangements of this visit, there probably never was witnessed more successful management. Not one accident has occurred, and the Prefect of Police, M. Pietri, has reason to congratulate himself upon the manner in which the newly organized force under his control has acquitted itself under a very severe trial of its efficiency.

It is not yet known to what extent the munificence of the Royal family has displayed itself in the shape of presents, but, no doubt, these have been liberally bestowed. We understand that a magnificent snuff-box has been presented to the Prefect of the Seine, and that M. Hervoix, the chief of police for the Imperial household, whose activity and zealous exertions cannot be too highly praised, has received a handsome diamond pin. Her Majesty is extremely popular among the Parisians on account of her natural manners and her great affability. She has certainly on all public occasions appeared highly gratified by the extraordinary attentions of her Imperial host, and we are assured that her private feelings are entirely in accordance with her bearing when all eyes have been upon her.

The hasty manner in which, unavoidably, this great event has been chronicled has prevented us from recording several minor facts and incidents, which, nevertheless, deserve a place in all contemporary records of an occurrence so remarkable. For example, at St. Germain on Saturday the Queen visited the tomb of her ancestor James II., and yesterday again she went to Neuilly in the afternoon,

and there stood beside the untimely grave of the late Duke of Orleans. What food for moralizing do these two simple occurrences afford! Yet perhaps they are exceeded by a scene which took place this morning at St. Cloud, and produced a powerful impression on all who witnessed it. Whether by clever premeditation or fortunate accident, the Emperor there caught sight of a *Voltigeur* of the Imperial Guard, who had lost his leg before Sebastopol and had otherwise been severely wounded. The still suffering soldier was making his way forward on crutches when the Emperor advanced to meet him, and, taking off the Cross of the Legion of Honor which he wore, transferred it to the poor fellow's breast. All who witnessed the spectacle were much affected by it, most of all the *decoré* himself.—Her Majesty is expected to arrive at Osborne to-morrow about noon.

LONDON, 27 August.

THERE have been many emancipations and liberations in our time. Nobody but has been delivered from some tyranny or other, some restriction, some limit to his fair allowance of liberty, though we are not all so grateful as we ought to be for it. At this moment a man can do, we should be sorry to say how many, things he could not do 50 years ago. But we have just witnessed a real emancipation, which, for the extent of the grievance, and, we will venture to say, of the gratitude, beats all the rest. The victims of the persecuting old code were illustrious—in fact, the highest in the land—no less than Royalty. For 400 years no reigning Sovereign of England has seen, or could see, the beautiful metropolis of France. The Sovereign might have the most florid or the most exquisite taste; he might take a special interest in architecture and pageantry; he might see around him palaces and castles of his own designing and furnishing; he might see streets rising up after his own name, in particular rivalry of well known streets abroad; he might see his own statues, and the columns in honor of his own relatives and the heroes of his own age; he might be constantly tantalized with the comparisons made between these and their foreign rivals; but those foreign rivals he must never see. Everybody in his kingdom with a dozen sovereigns in his pocket, and as many ideas in his head, had seen Paris, but not the first gentleman in this country. The smallest shopkeeper in the smallest street in London was likely enough to have seen Paris, and, with the system of excursion tickets, might take a week's trip there quite as easily and cheaply as to Ramsgate. Probably there was not one in the whole circle of the Court that had not seen Paris, except only the centre of that Court. Till lately all France was tabooed; but Paris is France,

and it was a refinement of cruelty to allow the Sovereign just to touch the soil of France and not to go further. A Queen who has lately been obliged to paint the front of her palace to counteract the humidity and the smoke of her capital, and whose pictures must be annually scoured, had never seen that city over which the summer's sky is cloudless and transparent, and in which architects and sculptors work with a heart, for they know their work will not be spoilt, at least in their lifetimes. With what a zest, with what enviable enjoyment, with what a new birth of emotions and aftergrowth of pleasures, a well stored and cultivated mind must have drunk in the beauties of a capital supreme in the realms of taste, and fortunate in every circumstance that contributes to the higher order of earthly enjoyments!

How many vague ideas must now have been defined—how many associations have now been arranged—how many questions of comparison decided in the course of one week's progress through the capital and palaces of France! When next the Queen passes under the pedestal of the Duke of Wellington's statue, at the top of Constitution-hill, she will be able to measure, by the *Arc de Triomphe*, a structure as large as the front of our St. Paul's. The taste of our artists and the skill of our engineers have been exhausted on the finest site in Europe—Trafalgar-square, and the scheme of Waterloo-place, and the stairs to St. James's Park. With these efforts of genius the Queen can now compare the *Place de la Concorde*, where it is a matter of no small labor and time barely to enumerate the component parts of the unrivalled panorama. With the two or three little rooms that constitute our National Gallery, with our gloomy and crowded Museum, and some half-dozen other collections scattered here and there, the Queen can now compare the galleries of the Louvre, of the number and vastness of which, however, she could only form a rather overwhelming idea. As for the contents, it must pass even Royal quickness, accuracy, and recollection to grasp the faintest glimpse of them in so brief a visit. Happily, there will be some redeeming features in the comparison. The Thames, as nature made it, can be mentioned with the Seine; the bridges over the latter are but models by the side of London, Southwark, and Waterloo bridges; while the Champs Elysées are only a suburban promenade under stunted trees upon gravel and dust compared with our parks. Westminster Abbey is not stripped of its monuments, and it so far beats Notre Dame in historical interest. Our St. Paul's, though little more than a vast mausoleum, far surpasses St. Genevieve or St. Eustache. For Westminster-hall there is no competitor in France, but, on the other

hand, Her Majesty will now have her ideas of the simple and beautiful augmented by the classic form of the Madeleine, the façades of the Louvre, the unique Sainte Chapelle, and the long row of splendid edifices on the southern bank of the Seine; she will now know, by actual recollection, those other famous edifices and localities where even the most colossal size and the most picturesque arrangement yield to the higher and deeper interest of historical associations. She has seen at Versailles how Louis XIV. enshrined the glory and buried the wealth of France; where Marie Antoinette cherished the memory of the Tyrol; and where Louis XVI. saw the last of Royalty. At the Tuileries, begun in the middle ages, and still slowly laboring to completion, and passing from style to style like one of our own cathedrals, she has stood where the closing scenes of three revolutions have occurred within the memory of her own Ministers. She has reviewed an Imperial army on the very ground where France has taken the oath to two Republics; she has seen the sites of the Bastille and the Temple; she has driven through that Faubourg the name of which is terrible to every Court in Europe; she has walked through the Palace which was ancient when Henry IV. inhabited it; she has seen where James II. maintained the shadow of Royalty and ended his days; and, to close the list, she has now visited that marvellously beautiful sepulchre to which, with her consent, the remains of Napoleon have been brought from St. Helena.

Of all these places there is not one which has not now acquired a new interest. England does not make an idol of Royalty, but, if it must have been something more than a shadow which for so many ages deferred the event of this week, that event must have something more than an imaginary value. But the truth is, England and France, in spite of themselves, have always been mutually interested, and even in their antipathies have confessed a common destiny. Whatever the one has suffered the other has felt; and there is not an event in the history of one which does not intrude, uninvited, into the annals of the other. Notwithstanding the immense duration of the differences which have separated the two countries, we venture to say that they are accidental. The circumstance of the "Conquest," the French possessions of our early kings, and the religious jealousies of later days have stood in the way of that cordial friendship which we believe to be the natural state of the two countries. All the political discoveries of our days, as important and as indisputable as the discoveries in natural science, tell us that for ages England and France have been quarrelling for nothing. We have quarrelled upon the claims of reli-

gious communions, and now we are both tolerant of all religions. We have quarrelled for legitimacy, and now we both have monarchies founded on the will of the people. We have quarrelled for colonies, and now we have discovered that colonies are no accession of power or wealth to a country, but rather a burden, a risk, and an expense; in fact, that the best course is to leave them as much as possible to themselves. We have quarrelled for commercial monopolies, and now we have found out that all nations have a common interest in the absolute freedom of trade. Every quarrel with France has been a mistake hitherto, founded on some great misapprehension on one side, or on both, as the event has proved. We claim no extraordinary light for the age, but simply that time has worked out our national errors to their own confutation, when we say that, after eight centuries of alienation, there is no reason why England and France should not now exhibit to the world a friendship only equalled by their former animosities. It is this reunion that we see enacted and inaugurated in this interchange of Royal visits. If it portends nothing, why has it never occurred before? What can it portend now but the commencement of a new period the very opposite, in respect of our political relations, to that of the last 1,000 years?

PARIS, Monday, Aug. 27, 6 P. M.

The Queen has left Paris on her return to England. Already the whirl of festivity in which this city has lived for the last eight or ten days is beginning to subside. The crowds, though still much more than the average at this season, are less dense than on Friday or Saturday last. The houses that have been most gaudily decorated begin to be thinned of their flags and streamers, and fewer oriflammes flout the air. Shields and devices, and garlands, and Imperial crowns are dissolving away. The eagle himself, the bird so worshipped by political ornithologists, descends from his lofty resting-place, and with plumage ruffled from exposure to the weather, and eyes dimmed from so long gazing on the sun, is hurriedly conveyed away among broken flagstuffs and torn canvas, destined, perhaps, to figure at some suburban fête; or, sad to think, transferred to the *marchands de bric à brac* of the Marais. The triumphal arch that imposingly spanned the Italian Boulevards at their finest point is stripped of its effigies, its flags, its busts, its crimson covering, and, at the hour I write, it stands stark and bare like a huge skeleton; and before the sun sets will not have left a trace behind! We have witnessed so many sights of splendor during the week that it is not easy to all at once resume the habits of quiet existence. Not a wheel

rolls along the pavement that is not taken for an incipient Royal salute. Courtiers have not yet begun to recover from the continuous bend of the spine, endured for so many days. Corporations and deputations of all sorts and sizes and denominations still, from habit, recite addresses and speeches of congratulation. The very *gamins* of the streets begin to talk favorably of beefsteaks, and the word "lunch" bids fair to be admitted into the French vocabulary.

When the Allied Sovereigns visited England after the fall of Napoleon, the Emperor Alexander, for some unknown cause, became a great favorite with the Irish colony of St. Giles's. The Hibernian nature loves extremes; a party of pipers decided on giving His Majesty a concert, and actually played "Green grow the Rushes oh!" under his windows, from some vague recollection of the visitor being Emperor of *all the Russias*. I cannot say whether a similar blunder has been made here, but it is certain that Queen Victoria has been sung to, and played to, in every imaginable style and form and tongue, and even now the artisan of the faubourg whistles a tune which seems to be an unskilful compound of "God save the Queen," the "Marseillaise," "Drin, drin," and the "White Cockade."

As you are already aware, the Queen and suite left St. Cloud this morning, at 10 o'clock, in the Imperial carriages. Previous to starting the whole of the functionaries of the Chateau, administrative and military, were received by Her Majesty. The inhabitants of St. Cloud and the municipal body cheered her as she passed under the same triumphal arch which was erected for her arrival. The Army of the East, the garrison of Paris, the National Guards, Sappers, and Special Corps, lined the way from the bridge of St. Cloud to Paris—the National Guard on the right, the place of honor. The weather was magnificent, as it has been, with two exceptions, since the Queen's arrival. It has rained but twice for the last 10 days, and the moisture only served to lay the dust. The Royal *cortège* reached the Tuileries at 11 o'clock, where the Empress awaited the Queen. The Ministers and the members of the diplomatic corps were already assembled there to meet Her Majesty. When the last presentations were over and the last farewell spoken, the *cortège* resumed its march. The numbers who thronged the line through which Her Majesty passed, the same as that by which she entered, were considerable. The decorations were pretty much the same, and the words "Long Life to the Queen" were substituted for that of "Welcome" on the shields and escocheons. The triumphal arch raised by the *artistes* of the Grand Opera had resumed its floral decora-

tions, and the Gymnase modified its previous mode of decoration, and was now covered all over with banners. When the *cortège* issued on the Boulevard close to the Madeleine, in the midst of acclamations from the crowd, the flourish of trumpets, the drums beating to arms, and bursts of military music, the eagles in front of each regiment were lowered, and then it was that an immense cry of admiration arose from the multitude.

But, with all this, it is right to observe that some disappointment was felt at the Queen passing in state through Paris in a close carriage. Her entry was so far a failure that at the hour it took place no one could see her features, and, except to those in the streets and close to the *cortège*, the carriage she rode in prevented her being seen this day to any advantage. The carriage, the sides of which were plate-glass, was, it appears, that which was used by the Emperor on the occasion of his marriage. It glittered all over with gilding, and was drawn by eight horses of the same size and color, with gorgeous housings, mounted by postilions who seemed no bigger than the Aztecs, while grooms as tall as Gulliver must have looked to the Lilliputians marched stately at the horse's heads, and the grand officers of the Crown caracolled at the sides. The Emperor, in his usual military costume, and wearing the Riband of the Garter, sat opposite; the Queen, with the Princess Royal by her side, returned frequently the salutes of those who could see her and whom she could see. Prince Albert sat next to the Emperor. A second carriage, similarly appointed and attended, contained Prince Jerome, his son, Prince Napoleon, both in uniform, and the Prince of Wales. Several other carriages of the Court, drawn by six horses, conveyed the officers of the household of the Queen and Emperor. It was 12 o'clock when the *cortège* reached the Strasbourg terminus. The preparations to receive the Queen at this spot were not different from those that met her on her arrival; the decorations were the same, and so were the functionaries who received her. The National Anthem was performed, and the Queen, leaning on the Emperor's arm, entered the station. She saluted those about her, and proceeded to the Royal train, while the band of the 9th Regiment of the Voltigeurs of the Guard played "God Save the Queen." She shook hands very cordially with Prince Jerome, the uncle of the Emperor, with Marshal Vaillant, and some others. She at once entered the Imperial carriage, and was followed by the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales, and then by the Emperor, Prince Napoleon, and Prince Albert. General Lœwestein presented the Queen with a fine bouquet and the Princess with another. The persons of the Royal suite

took their places in the other carriages, as also the railway directors in attendance. The Ministers and civil and military authorities were drawn up in line in front of the carriages. In a few moments the signal was heard, and the train slowly moved away, while a last cry of "*Vive la Reine!*" announced its departure. The great dignitaries moved towards the entrance of the station, and the rest of the crowd soon followed. The troops drawn up on the outside and along the line to the Tuileries were already returning to their barracks, and the masses of people separated and moved about freely.

THE *Moniteur* contains the following appropriate remarks on the late visit of the Queen of England to the Emperor of the French:—

"The Queen of England quits our hospitable shores. Her visit will remain as one of the grandest events of this epoch, so abundant in new and memorable facts. Let us salute, for the last time, this august Princess, the messenger of concord and peace. Let us salute her, with her young family, the hope of three kingdoms—with her Royal spouse, who has so well comprehended the genius, the manners, and the arts of France. This is not the first time that crowned heads have visited our country. Peter the First came here to study civilization, to take advantage of it against civilization itself; Joseph II. exhibited himself as a philosopher and as a critic, rather than a monarch. The one and the other excited curiosity, but not national sympathies, and the nation remained indifferent in the presence of those two travellers who were not guests. The presence of Queen Victoria, on the contrary, has excited the French people; from Boulogne even to the capital, and afterwards from the capital to Boulogne, she has received from this electrified people a veritable triumph. This arises from its not being a mere simple personal gratification which has brought among us this illustrious Sovereign. She arrived to close at last seven ages of disastrous rivalries, and to cement upon its basis the alliance of the two greatest nations of the west. France and England, since circumstances have allowed of their studying each other more closely, feel that they cannot dispense with one another, and that they are still nearer neighbors by the common stock of liberal civilization than by their coasts. And nevertheless their sentiments had not overpassed till now the bounds of a reciprocal esteem; they were never intermingled either in the same policy or in the enthusiasm of a warm friendship. It was reserved for the Emperor to operate a more intimate approximation. When the chief of the Napoleon dynasty was placed by the public voice at the head of the country he found national hates which had preceded him, obstinate conflicts in

which he was not concerned, inveterate passions which were directed against him only because he was the highest personification of the principles of '89, then ill comprehended. To-day these immortal principles have triumphed over the opposition of Europe, and liberal England has acknowledged their legitimacy. The heir of the name of Napoleon had then no other reason for preferring another rôle to that of pacificator, more conformable with the greatness of his soul, with the actual interests of his country, and the ideas of his age; and, as the Emperor had admirably comprehended that the durable and cordial concert of France and England constitutes the greatest force of modern times placed at the service of the progress of the world, he has held out a friendly hand to the English people and its Government. The enthusiasm of England has answered this appeal. She has warmly grasped that loyal hand in hers, because it was that of France herself, thrice personified in the Emperor, and her well beloved Queen has crossed the Channel to bring us the expression of the confidence of a great nation with the seductive accompaniment of goodness, grace, and the mildest Majesty. This was a moment awaited by France to show forth her enthusiasm; for it is not enough for the policy of Princes to prepare "fusions;" there are none, in truth, which are not effected by the people. It was therefore not enough that St. Cloud should worthily reply to the royal hospitality of Windsor. Paris had resolved to rival London by its rejoicings and its spontaneous demonstrations. Queen Victoria has witnessed the popular delight which has signalized her passage. At the theatre as at the Palace of Industry, at the Holy Chapel as at the Hotel de Ville, upon the Boulevards, inundated by floods of the population, as at the Champ de Mars, resounding with the acclamations of the army, every one of her outings has been a *fête*, and each of these *fêtes* has been an energetic manifestation on the part of the French people, which has had for witnesses the thousands of foreigners collected within our walls for the marvels of the Exhibition. It may be said that for greater solemnity this fraternal alliance has been celebrated in the presence of the whole world represented in Paris. Providence, it must be acknowledged, seems to have reserved for our epoch profound subjects of meditation. It is at Versailles, in the Palace of Louis XIV., that the Emperor Napoleon III. offers to the Queen of England the most superb magnificences of the Court; for her he reanimates the noble pleasures and the long extinguished pomps of the great King, that haughty foe of the Revolution of 1688. The same day this Queen of an elevated soul was received in the funeral asylum of the Stuarts, which her dynasty replaces. She has done more, and,

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surrounded by her family in emotion, she came to deposit upon the tomb of Napoleon I. the idea of conciliation of which her visit is the sympathy and the seal. Finally, France and England, which have filled Europe with their divisions, instead of persisting, like Rome and Carthage, in implacable resentments, associate their policy, their interests, and their blood for one of those immense causes which decide the future of humanity. Such contrasts confound the provisions of men; there remains no more for the mind than to bow itself humbly before the Supreme Wisdom whose grandeur is alone immutable, and which subjects our most rebellious passions to the harmony of its providential designs."

WONDERS OF THE VICTORIAN AGE.

Our gracious Queen—long may she fill her throne,—

Has been to see Louis Napoleon.

The Majesty of England—bless her heart!—

Has cut her mutton with a Bonaparte;

And Cousin Germans have survived the view
Of Albert taking luncheon at St. Cloud.

In our young days we little thought to see
Such legs stretched under such mahogany;
That British Royalty would ever share
At a French Palace, French Imperial fare:
Nor eat—as we should have believed at school—
The croaking tenant of the marshy pool.
At the *Trois Freres* we had not feasted then,
As we have since, and hope to do again.

This great event of course could not take place

Without fit prodigies for such a case;

The brazen pig-tail of King George the Third

Thrice with a horizontal motion stirr'd,

Then rose on end, and stood so all day long,

Amid the cheers of an admiring throng.

In every lawyer's office Eldon shed

From plaster nose three heavy drops of red.

Each Statue, too, of Pitt turn'd up the point

Of its proboscis—was that out of joint?

Whilst Charles James Fox's grin'd from ear to ear,

And Peel's emitted frequent cries of "Hear!"
Punch.

Correspondent of the New York Tribune.

PARIS, Thursday, Aug. 23, 1855.

The ovations which are being offered to the Queen of England absorb completely the attention of the Parisians. The curiosity which was at first manifested to see her appears to have abated but little, and wherever her Majesty goes she is met by crowds which it would be impossible to penetrate were it not for the immense police force which has been placed on duty. The reception which her Majesty everywhere receives is of the most cordial and enthusiastic character. "*La bonne reine et ses enfants*," is in every French woman's mouth, and the good qualities of heart of her Majesty,

with the motherly affection which she manifests for her children in public, have not failed to touch a sympathetic chord in the French heart, and she will leave the shores of France carrying with her the good will and the affectionate regards of the whole nation. Her Majesty and suite quickly yielded to the habits of the court of St. Cloud, and mixing freely with the people of Paris, or in other words, showing themselves to the public with as little ceremony as possible, and without any of that stiffness which characterises the Court of St. James, almost everybody has seen and received a gracious smile from her. Wherever she goes, and she is always in the company of the Emperor, the people of Paris receive her as they do their own Emperor and Empress; instead of giving a loud hurrah, as is the habit in England, they bow low and smile, and her Majesty, following the directions of the Emperor, does the same; so that she does nothing but smile and bow wherever she appears in public, and this suits the French people best, for it deprives her Majesty of that air of stiffness which she would otherwise have, and which is so peculiarly obnoxious to the French. Since her Majesty's arrival I have heard no words but admiration and the utmost respect toward her, unless it was from her own subjects, and her visit will do more to obliterate the bad feeling which the French people cherish toward the English, than all that Napoleon III. has been able to accomplish up to this moment. The Queen is delighted at the cordiality of her reception, and her happiness has spread to the French people, who are much more easily captivated by the heart than by the head, and thus it is that her visit will prove so valuable to the interests of the alliance and for the future of the two countries.

The first grand ball to her Majesty takes place to-night at the Hotel de Ville, the second and last one on Saturday night at the Palace of Versailles. To the Hotel de Ville but about five thousand invitations have been given out, and these are very select. Two hundred and fifty American names were sent in by the Legation, but I believe none have been accepted. The English list of invited, on the contrary, will be large. The Americans were promised sixty invitations to the Hotel de Ville and sixteen to the ball at Versailles. The whole number of applications which were made to the Prefect of the Seine for tickets to the ball were more than forty thousand. In a fete which may be said to be in commemoration of an alliance against Russia, it ought not to be expected that the Americans would enter largely into the consideration of those who had the control of the invitation list. They are not, in fact, entitled to such consideration, for a very large majority of those now in Paris are the sympathizers of Russia in the present contest.

THE FORTUNES OF GLENCORE.

CHAPTER I.

A LONELY LANDSCAPE.

WHERE that singularly beautiful inlet of the sea, known in the west of Ireland as the Killeries, after narrowing to a mere strait, expands into a bay, stands the ruin of the ancient Castle of Glencore. With the bold steep sides of Ben Greggan behind, and the broad blue Atlantic in front, the proud keep would seem to have occupied a spot that might have bid defiance to the boldest assailant. The estuary itself here seems entirely landlocked, and resembles in the wild fantastic outline of the mountains around, a Norwegian fiord, rather than a scene in our own tamer landscape. The small village of Leenane, which stands on the Gaiway shore, opposite to Glencore, presents the only trace of habitation in this wild and desolate district, for the country around is poor, and its soil offers little to repay the task of the husbandman. Fishing is then the chief, if not the sole resource of those who pass their lives in this solitary region; and thus, in every little creek or inlet of the shore may be seen the stout craft of some hardy venturer, and nets, and tackle, and such like gear, lie drying on every rocky eminence.

We have said that Glencore was a ruin, but still its vast proportions, yet traceable in massive fragments of masonry, displayed specimens of various eras of architecture, from the rudest tower of the twelfth century to the more ornate style of a later period; while artificial embankments and sloped sides of grass showed the remains of what once had been terrace and "parterre," the successors it might be presumed, of fosse and parapet.

Many a tale of cruelty and oppression, many a story of suffering and sorrow clung to these old walls, for they had formed the home of a haughty and a cruel race, the last descendant of which died in the close of the past century. The Castle of Glencore, with the title, had now descended to a distant relation of the house, who had repaired and so far restored the old residence as to make it habitable—that is to say, four bleak and lofty chambers were rudely furnished, and about as many smaller ones fitted for servant accommodation, but no effort at embellishment, not even the commonest attempt at neatness was bestowed on the grounds or the garden; and in this state it remained for some five and twenty or thirty years, when the tidings reached the little village of Leenane that his lordship was about to return to Glencore, and fix his residence there.

Such an event was of no small moment in such a locality, and many were the specula-

tions as to what might be the consequence of his coming. Little, or indeed nothing, was known of Lord Glencore; his only visit to the neighborhood had occurred many years before, and lasted but for a day. He had arrived suddenly, and, taking a boat at the ferry—as it was called—crossed over to the castle, whence he returned at nightfall, to depart as hurriedly as he came.

Of those who had seen him in this brief visit the accounts were vague and most contradictory. Some called him handsome and well built; others said he was a dark-looking, downcast man, with a sickly and forbidding aspect. None, however, could record one single word he had spoken, nor could even gossips pretend to say that he gave utterance to any opinion about the place or the people. The mode in which the estate was managed gave as little insight into the character of the proprietor. If no severity was displayed to the few tenants on the property, there was no encouragement given to their efforts at improvement; a kind of cold neglect was the only feature discernible, and many went so far as to say, that if any cared to forget the payment of his rent the chances were it might never be demanded of him; the great security against such a venture, however, lay in the fact, that the land was held at a mere nominal rental, and few would have risked his tenure by such an experiment.

It was little to be wondered at that Lord Glencore was not better known in that secluded spot, since even in England his name was scarcely heard of. His fortune was very limited, and he had no political influence whatever, not possessing a seat in the upper house; so that, as he spent his life abroad, he was almost totally forgotten in his own country.

All that Debrett could tell of him was comprised in a few lines, recording simply that he was sixth Viscount Glencore and Loughdooher; born in the month of February, 1802, and married in August, 1824, to Clarissa Isabella, second daughter of Sir Guy Clifford, of Wythley, Baronet; by whom he had issue, Charles Conyngham Massey, born 6th June, 1828. There closed the notice.

Strange and quaint things are these short biographies, with little beyond the barren fact that "he had lived" and "he had died;" and yet with all the changes of this work-a-day world, with its din and turmoil, and gold-seeking, and "progress," men cannot divest themselves of reverence for birth and blood, and the veneration for high descent remains an in-

stinct of humanity. Sneer, as men will, at "heaven-born legislators," laugh as you may at the "tenth transmitter of a foolish face," there is something eminently impressive in the fact of a position acquired by deeds that date back to centuries, and preserved inviolate to the successor of him who fought at Agincourt or at Cressy. If ever this religion shall be impaired, the fault be on those who have derogated from their great prerogative, and forgotten to make illustrious by example what they have inherited illustrious by descent.

When the news first reached the neighborhood that a lord was about to take up his residence in the castle, the most extravagant expectations were conceived of the benefits to arise from such a source. The very humblest already speculated on the advantages his wealth was to diffuse, and the thousand little channels into which his affluence would be directed. The ancient traditions of the place spoke of a time of boundless profusion, when troops of mounted followers used to accompany the old barons, and when the lough itself used to be covered with boats, with the armorial bearings of Glencore floating proudly from their mastsheads. There were old men then living who remembered as many as two hundred laborers being daily employed on the grounds and gardens of the castle; and the most fabulous stories were told of fortunes accumulated by those who were lucky enough to have saved the rich earnings of that golden period.

Colored as such speculations were with all the imaginative warmth of the west, it was a terrible shock to such sanguine fancies, when they beheld a middle-aged, sad-looking man arrive in a simple post-chaise, accompanied by his son, a child of six or seven years of age, and a single servant—a grim-looking old dragoon corporal, who neither invited intimacy nor rewarded it. It was not, indeed, for a long time that they could believe that this was "my lord," and that this solitary attendant was the whole of that great retinue they had so long been expecting; nor, indeed, could any evidence less strong than Mrs. Mulcahy's, of the Post-office, completely satisfy them on the subject. The address of certain letters and newspapers to the Lord Viscount Glencore was, however, a testimony beyond dispute; so that nothing remained but to revenge themselves on the unconscious author of their self-deception for the disappointment he gave them. This, it is true, required some ingenuity, for they scarcely ever saw him, nor could they ascertain a single fact of his habits or mode of life.

He never crossed the lough, as the inlet of the sea, about three miles in width, was called. He as rigidly excluded the peasantry from the grounds of the Castle; and, save an old fisher-

man, who carried his letter-bag to and fro, and a few laborers in the spring and autumn, none ever invaded the forbidden precincts.

Of course, such privacy paid its accustomed penalty; and many an explanation, of a kind little flattering, was circulated to account for so ungenial an existence. Some alleged that he had committed some heavy crime against the State, and was permitted to pass his life there, on the condition of perpetual imprisonment; others, that his wife had deserted him, and that in his forlorn condition he had sought out a spot to live and die in, unnoticed and unknown; a few ascribed his solitude to debt; while others were divided in opinion between charges of misanthropy and avarice—to either of which accusations his lonely and simple life fully exposed him.

In time, however, people grew tired of repeating stories to which no new evidence added any features of interest. They lost the zest for a scandal which ceased to astonish, and "my lord" was as much forgotten, and his existence as unspoken of, as though the old towers had once again become the home of the owl and the jackdaw.

It was now about eight years since "the lord" had taken up his abode at the Castle, when one evening, a raw and gusty night of December, the little skiff of the fisherman was seen standing in for shore—a sight somewhat uncommon, since she always crossed the lough in time for the morning's mail.

"There's another man aboard, too," said a by-stander from the little group that watched the boat, as she neared the harbor; "I think it's Mr. Craggs."

"You're right enough, Sam—it's the corporal; I know his cap, and the short tail of hair he wears under it. What can bring him at this time o' night?"

"He's going to bespeak a quarter of Tim Healey's beef, may be," said one, with a grin of malicious drollery.

"Mayhap it's askin' us all to spend the Christmas he'd be," said another.

"Whisht! or he'll hear you," muttered a third; and at the same instant the sail came clattering down, and the boat glided swiftly past, and entered a little natural creek close beneath where they stood.

"Who has got a horse and a jaunting-car?" cried the Corporal, as he jumped on shore. "I want one for Clifden directly."

"It's fifteen miles—divil a less," cried one.

"Fifteen! no, but eighteen! Kiely's bridge is bruck down, and you'll have to go by Gortnamuck."

"Well, and if he has, can't he take the cut?"

"He can't."

"Why not? Didn't I go that way last week?"

"Well, and if you did, didn't you lame your baste?"

"'Twasn't the cut did it."

"It was—sure I know better—Billy Moore tould me."

"Billy's a liar!"

Such and such like comments and contradictions were very rapidly exchanged, and already the debate was waxing warm, when Mr. Craggs's authoritative voice interposed with—

"Billy Moore be blowed! I want to know if I can have a car and horse?"

"To be sure! why not?—who says you can't?" chimed in a chorus.

"If you go to Clifden under five hours, my name isn't Terry Lynch," said an old man in rabbitskin breeches.

"I'll engage, if Barny will give me the blind mare, to drive him there under four."

"Bother!" said the rabbitskin, in a tone of contempt.

"But where's the horse?" cried the corporal.

"Ay, that's it," said another, "where's the horse?"

"Is there none to be found in the village?" asked Craggs, eagerly.

"Divil a horse barrin' an ass. Barny's mare has the staggers the last fortnight, and Mrs. Kyle's pony broke his two knees on Tuesday, carrying sea-weed up the rocks."

"But I must go to Clifden; I must be there to-night," said Craggs.

"It's on foot, then, you'll have to do it," said the rabbitskin.

"Lord Glencore's dangerously ill, and needs a doctor," said the Corporal, bursting out with a piece of most uncommon communicativeness. "Is there none of you will give his horse for such an errand?"

"Arrah, musha!—it's a pity!" and such-like expressions of passionate import, were muttered on all sides; but no more active movement seemed to flow from the condolence, while in a lower tone were added such expressions as, "Sorra mend him—if he wasn't a naygar, wouldn't he have a horse of his own? It's a droll lord he is, to be begging the loan of a baste!"

Something like a malediction arose to the Corporal's lips; but restraining it, and with a voice thick from passion, he said—

"I'm ready to pay you—to pay you ten times over the worth of your—"

"You needn't curse the horse, anyhow," interposed Rabbitskin, while, with a significant glance at his friends around him, he slyly intimated that it would be as well to adjourn the debate—a motion as quickly obeyed as it was mooted; for in less than five minutes Craggs was standing beside the quay, with no other companion than a blind beggarwoman, who, perfectly regardless of his distress, con-

tinued energetically to draw attention to her own.

"A little fippenny bit, my lord—the laste trife your honor's glory has in the corner of your pocket, that you'll never miss, but that'll sweeten ould Molly's tay to-night? There, acushla, have pity on the dark, and that you may see glory."

But Craggs did not wait for the remainder, but, deep in his own thoughts, sauntered down towards the village. Already had the others retreated within their homes; and now all was dark and cheerless along the little straggling street.

"And this is a Christian country!—this a land that people tell you abounds in kindness and good nature!" said he, in an accent of sarcastic bitterness.

"And who'll say the reverse?" answered a voice from behind; and turning he beheld the little hunch-backed fellow who carried the mail on foot from Oughterard, a distance of sixteen miles, over a mountain, and who was popularly known as "Billy the Bag," from the little leather sack, which seemed to form part of his attire. "Who'll stand up and tell me it's not a fine country in every sinse—for natural beauties, for antiquities, for elegant men and lovely females, for quarries of marble and mines of gould?"

Craggs looked contemptuously at the figure who thus declaimed of Ireland's wealth and grandeur, and, in a sneering tone, said—

"And with such riches on every side, why do you go bare-foot—why are you in rags, my old fellow?"

"Isn't there poor everywhere? If the world was all gould and silver, what would be the precious metals—tell me that? Is it because there's a little cripple like myself here, that them mountains yonder isn't of copper, and iron, and cobalt? Come over with me after I lave the bags at the office, and I'll show you bits of every one I speak of."

"I'd rather you'd show me a doctor, my worthy fellow," said Craggs, sighing.

"I'm the nearest thing to that same going," replied Billy. "I can breathe a vein against any man in the barony. I can't say, that for an articular congestion of the aortic valves, or for a sero-pulmonic diathesis—d'ye mind?—that there isn't as good as me; but for the ould school of physic, the humoral diagnostic, who can beat me?"

"Will you come with me across the lough, and see my lord, then?" said Craggs, who was glad even of such aid in his emergency.

"And why not, when I lave the bags?" said Billy, touching the leather sack as he spoke.

If the Corporal was not without his misgivings as to the skill and competence of his companion, there was something in the fluent vol-

ability of the little fellow that overawed and impressed him, while his words were uttered in a rich mellow voice, that gave them a sort of solemn persuasiveness.

"Were you always on the road?" asked the Corporal, curious to learn some particulars of his history.

"No sir; I was twenty things before I took to the bags. I was a poor scholar for four years; I kept school in Erris; I was 'on' the ferry in Dublin with my fiddle for eighteen months; and I was a bear in Liverpool for part of a winter."

"A bear!" exclaimed Craggs.

"Yes, sir. It was an Italian—one Pipo Chiassi by name—that lost his beast at Manchester, and persuaded me, as I was about the same stature, to don the sable, and perform in his place. After that I took to writin' for the papers—the *Skibbereen Celt*—and supported myself very well till it broke. But here we are at the office, so I'll step in, and get my fiddle, too, if you've no objection."

The Corporal's meditations scarcely were of a kind to reassure him, as he thought over the versatile character of his new friend; but the case offered no alternative—it was Billy or nothing—since to reach Clifflen on foot would be the labor of many hours, and in the interval his master should be left utterly alone. While he was thus musing, Billy reappeared, with a violin under one arm, and a much-worn quarto under the other.

"This," said he, touching the volume, is the 'Whole Art and Mystery of Physic,' by one Falreecin, of Aquapendante; and if we don't find a cure for the case down here, take my word for it, it's among the *morba ignota*, as Paracelsus says."

"Well, come along," said Craggs impatiently; and set off at a speed that, notwithstanding Billy's habits of foot-travel, kept him at a sharp trot. A few minutes more saw them, with canvas spread, skimming across the lough, towards Glencore.

"Glencore—Glencore!" muttered Billy once or twice to himself, as the swift boat bounded through the hissing surf. "Did you ever hear Lady Lucy's Lament?" And he struck a few chords with his fingers as he spoke—

"I care not for yon trellised vine;
I love the dark woods on the shore,
Nor all the towers along the Rhine
Are dear to me as old Glencore.
The rugged cliff, Ben-Creggan high,
Re-echoing the Atlantic roar,
And mingling with the seagull's cry
My welcome back to old Glencore."

"And then there's a chorus."

"That's a signal to us to make haste," said the Corporal, pointing to a bright flame which

suddenly shot up on the shore of the lough "Put out an oar to leeward there, and keep her up to the wind."

And Billy, perceiving his minstrelsy unintended to, consoled himself by humming over, for his own amusement, the remainder of his ballad.

The wind freshened as the night grew darker, and heavy seas repeatedly broke on the bow, and swept over the boat in sprayey showers.

"It's that confounded song of yours has got the wind up," said Craggs, angrily; "stand by that sheet, and stop your croning!"

"That's an *error vulgaris*, attributin' to music marine disasters," said Billy calmly; "it arose out of a mistake about one Orpheus."

"Slack off there!" cried Craggs, as a squall struck the boat, and laid her almost over.

Billy, however, had obeyed the mandate promptly, and she soon righted, and held on her course.

"I wish they'd show the light again on shore," muttered the Corporal: "the night is as black as pitch."

"Keep the top of the mountain a little to windward, and you're all right," said Billy.

"I know the lough well; I used to come here all hours, day and night, once, spearing salmon."

"And smuggling, too!" added Craggs.

"Yes, sir; brandy, and tay, and pigtail, for Mr. Sheares, in Oughterard."

"What became of him?" asked Craggs.

"He made a fortune and died, and his son married a lady!"

"Here comes another; throw her head up in the wind," cried Craggs.

This time the order came too late; for the squall struck her with the suddenness of a shot, and she canted over till her keel lay out of water, and, when she righted, it was with the white surf boiling over her.

"She's a good boat, then, to stand that," said Billy, as he struck a light for his pipe, with all the coolness of one perfectly at his ease; and Craggs, from that very moment conceived a favorable opinion of the little hunchback.

"Now we're in the smooth water, Corporal," cried Billy; "let her go a little free."

And, obedient to the advice, he ran the boat swiftly along till she entered a small creek, so sheltered by the highlands that the water within was still as a mountain lake.

"You never made the passage on a worse night, I'll be bound," said Craggs, as he sprang on shore.

"Indeed and I did, then," replied Billy. "I remember it was two days before Christmas we were blown out to say in a small boat, not

more than the half of this, and we only made the west side of Arran Island after thirty-six hour's beating and tacking. I wrote an account of it for *The Tyranny Regenerator*, commencing with—

"The elemental conflict that with tremendous violence raged, ravaged, and ruined the adamantine foundations of our western coast, on Tuesday, the 23d of December——"

"Come along, come along," said Craggs; "we've something else to think of."

And with this admonition, very curtly bestowed, he stepped out briskly on the path towards Glencore.

CHAPTER II.

GLENCORE CASTLE.

WHEN the Corporal, followed by Billy, entered the gloomy hall of the castle, they found two or three country people conversing in a low but eager voice together, who speedily turned towards them, to learn if the doctor had come.

"Here's all I could get in the way of a doctor," said Craggs, pushing Billy towards them as he spoke.

"Faix, and ye might have got worse," muttered a very old man; "Billy Traynor has 'the lucky hand.'"

"How is my lord, now, Nelly?" asked the Corporal of a woman who, with bare feet, and dressed in the humblest fashion of the peasantry, now appeared.

"He's getting weaker and weaker, sir; I believe he's sinking. I'm glad it's Billy is come; I'd rather see him than all the doctors in the country."

"Follow me," said Craggs, giving a signal to step lightly. And he led the way up a narrow stone stair, with a wall on either hand.—Traversing a long, low corridor, they reached a door, at which having waited for a second or two to listen, Craggs turned the handle and entered. The room was very large and lofty, and, seen in the dim light of a small lamp upon the hearthstone, seemed even more spacious than it was. The oaken floor was uncarpeted, and a very few articles of furniture occupied the walls. In one corner stood a large bed, the heavy curtains of which had been gathered up on the roof, the better to admit air to the sick man.

As Billy drew nigh with cautious steps he perceived that, although worn and wasted by long illness, the patient was still a man in the very prime of life. His dark hair and beard, which he wore long, were untinged with gray, and his forehead showed no touch of age. His dark eyes were wide open, and his lips slightly parted, his whole features exhibiting an expression of energetic action, even to wildness.

Still he was sleeping; and, as Craggs whispered, he seldom slept otherwise, even when in health. With all the quietness of a trained practitioner, Billy took down the watch that was pinned to the curtain and proceeded to count the pulse.

"A hundred and thirty-eight," muttered he, as he finished; and then gently displacing the bedclothes, laid his hand upon the heart.

With a long-drawn sigh, like that of utter weariness, the sick man moved his head round and fixed his eyes upon him.

"The doctor!" said he, in a deep toned but feeble voice. "Leave me, Craggs—leave me alone with him."

And the Corporal slowly retired, turning as he went to look back towards the bed, and evidently going with reluctance.

"Is it fever?" asked the sick man, in a faint but unflinching accent.

"It's a kind of cerebral congestion—a matter of them membranes that's over the brain, with, of course, febrilis generalis."

The accentuation of these words, marked as it was by the strongest provincialism of the peasant, attracted the sick man's attention, and he bent upon him a look at once searching and severe.

"What are you—who are you?" cried he, angrily.

"What I am isn't so aisy to say; but who I am is clean beyond me."

"Are you a doctor?" asked the sick man, fiercely.

"I'm afeared I'm not, in the sense of a *gradum universatialis*—a diploma; but sure may be Paracelsus himself just took to it, like me, having a vocation, as one might say."

"Ring that bell," said the other, peremptorily.

And Billy obeyed without speaking.

"What do you mean by this, Craggs?" said the Viscount, trembling with passion? "Who have you brought me? What beggar have you picked off the highway? Or is he the travelling fool of the district?"

But the anger that supplied strength hitherto now failed to impart energy, and he sank back wasted and exhausted. The Corporal bent over him, and spoke something in a low whisper, but whether the words were heard or not, the sick man now lay still, breathing heavily.

"Can you do nothing for him?" asked Craggs, peevishly—"Nothing but anger him?"

"To be sure I can, if you'll let me," said Billy, producing a very ancient lancet-case of box-wood tipped with ivory. "I'll just take a dash of blood from the temporal artery, to relieve the cerebrum, and then we'll put cold on his head, and keep him quiet."

And with a promptitude that showed at least

self-confidence, he proceeded to accomplish the operation, every step of which he effected skilfully and well.

"There now," said he feeling the pulse, as the blood continued to flow freely. The circulation is relieved already; it's the same as opening a sluice in a mill-dam. He's better already."

"He looks easier," said Craggs.

"Ay, and he feels it," continued Billy.—"Just notice the respiratory organs, and see how easy the intercostals is doing their work now. Bring me a bowl of clean water, some vinegar, and any old rags you have."

Craggs obeyed, but not without a sneer at the direction.

"All over the head," said Billy; all over it—back and front—and with the blessing of the Virgin, I'll have the hair off of him if he isn't cooler towards evening."

So saying he covered the sick man with the wetted cloths, and bathed his hands in the cooling fluid.

"Now to exclude the light and save the brain from stimulation and excitation," said Billy, with a pompous enunciation of the last syllables; "and then *quies*—rest—peace!"

And with this direction, imparted with a caution to enforce its benefit, he moved stealthily towards the door and passed out.

"What do you think of him?" asked the Corporal, eagerly.

"He'll do—he'll do," said Billy. "He's a sanguineous temperament, and he'll bear the lancet. It's just like weatherin' a point at sea. If you have a craft that will carry canvas, there's always a chance for you."

"He perceived that you were not a doctor," said Craggs, when they reached the corridor.

"Did he faix?" cried Billy, half indignant.

"He might have perceived that I didn't come in a coach; that I hadn't my hair powdered, nor gold knee-buckles in my small-clothes; but, for all that, it would be going too far to say, that I wasn't a doctor. 'Tis the same with physic and poetry—you take to it, or you don't take to it! There's chaps, ay, and far from stupid ones either, that couldn't compose you ten hexameters, if ye'd put them on a hot griddle for it; and there's others that would talk rhyme rather than rayson! And so with the *ars medicatrix*—everybody hasn't an eye for a hectic, or an ear for a cough—*non contigit cuique adire Corinthæum*. 'Tisn't every one can toss pancakes, as Horace says."

"Hush—be still!" muttered Craggs, "here's the young master;" and as he spoke, a youth of about fifteen, well-grown and handsome, but poorly, even meanly clad, approached them.

"Have you seen my father? What do you think of him?" asked he eagerly.

"'Tis a critical state he's in, your honor," said Billy, bowing; "but I think he'll come round—*deplation, deplation, deplation—actio, actio, actio*; relieve the gorged vessels, and don't drown the grand hydraulic machine, the heart—there's my sentiments."

Turning from the speaker, with a look of angry impatience, the boy whispered some words in the Corporal's ear.

"What could I do, sir?" was the answer; "it was this fellow or nothing."

"And better, a thousand times better, nothing," said the boy, "than trust his life to the coarse ignorance of this wretched quack."—And in his passion the words were uttered loud enough for Billy to overhear them.

"Don't be hasty, your honor," said Billy, submissively, "and don't be unjust. The realms of disaze is like an unknown tract of country or a country that's only known a little—just round the coast as it might be; once ye'r beyond that, one man is as good a guide as another, *ceteris paribus*, that is, with 'equal lights.'"

"What have you done? Have you given him anything?" broke in the boy hurriedly.

"I took a bleeding from him, a little short of sixteen ounces from the temporal," said Billy, proudly, and I'll give him now a concoction of meadow saffron with a pinch of saltpetre in it, to cause diaphoresis, dy'e mind? Meanwhile, we're disgorging the arachnoid membranes with cold applications, and we're relieven the cerebellum by repose. I challenge the Hall," added Billy, stoutly, "to say isn't them the grand principles of 'traitment.' Ah! young gentleman," said he, after a few seconds' pause, "don't be hard on me, because I'm poor and in rags, nor think manely of me because I spake with a brogue, and may be bad grammar, for you see, even a crayture of my kind can have a knowledge of disaze, just as he may have a knowledge of nature, by observation. What is sickness, after all, but just one of the phenomenons of all organic and inorganic matter—a regular sort of shindy in a man's inside, like a thunderstorm, or a hurricane outside? Watch what's coming, look out and see which way the mischief is brewin', and make your preparations. That's the great study of physic."

The boy listened patiently and even attentively to this speech, and when Billy had concluded, he turned to the Corporal and said, "Look to him, Craggs, and let him have his supper, and when he has eaten it send him to my room."

Billy bowed an acknowledgment, and followed the Corporal to the kitchen.

"That's my lord's son, I suppose," said he, as he seated himself, "and a fine young crayture, too—*puer ingennuus*, with a grand frontal development; and with this reflection he ad-

ressed himself to the coarse but abundant fare which Craggs placed before him, and with an appetite that showed how much he relished it.

"This is elegant living ye have here, Mr. Craggs," said Billy, as he drained his tankard of beer, and placed it with a sigh on the table; "many happy years of it to ye—I couldn't wish ye anything better."

"The life is not so bad," said Craggs, "but it's lonely sometimes."

"Life need never be lonely so long as man has health and his faculties," said Billy; "give me nature to admire, a bit of baycon for dinner, and my fiddle to amuse me, and I wouldn't change with the king of Sugar Candy."

"I was there," said Craggs, "it's a fine island."

"My lord wants to see the doctor," said a woman entering hastily.

"And the doctor is ready for him," said Billy, rising and leaving the kitchen, with all the dignity he could assume.

CHAPTER III.

BILLY TRAYNOR—POET, PEDDLER AND PHYSICIAN.

"Didn't I tell you how it would be?" said Billy, as he re-entered the kitchen, now crowded by the workpeople, anxious for tidings of the sick man. "The head is relieved, the con-justice symptoms is allayed, and when the articular excitement subsides, he'll be out of danger."

"Musha but I'm glad," muttered one; "he'd be a great loss to us."

"True for you, Patsey; there's eight or nine of us here would miss him if he was gone."

"Troth he doesn't give much employment, but we couldn't spare him," croaked out a third, when the entrance of the Corporal cut short further commentary; and the party now gathered around the cheerful turf fire, with that instinctive sense of comfort impressed by the swooping wind and rain that beat against the windows.

"It's a dreadful night outside; I wouldn't like to cross the Lough in it," said one.

"Then that's just what I'm thinking of this minit," said Billy. "I'll have to be up at the office for the bags at six o'clock."

"Faix you'll not see Leenane at six o'clock to-morrow."

"Sorra taste of it," muttered another; "there's a sea runnin' outside now that would swamp a life-boat."

"I'll not lose an iligant situation of six pounds ten a-year, and a pair of shoes at Christmas for want of a bit of courage," said Billy; "I'd have my dismissal if I wasn't there, as sure as my name is Billy Traynor."

"And better for you than lose your life, Billy," said one.

"And it's not alone myself I'll be thinking of," said Billy; "but every man in this world, high and low, has his duties. *My duty*," added he, somewhat pretentiously, "is to carry the King's mail; and if anything was to obstruct, or impade, or delay the correspondence, it's on me the blame would lie."

"The letters wouldn't go the faster because you were drowned," broke in the Corporal.

"No, sir," said Billy, rather staggered by the grin of approval that met this remark. "No, sir; what you observe is true. But nobody reflects on the sintry that dies at his post."

"If you must and will go, I'll give you the yawl," said Craggs; "and I'll go with you myself."

"Spoke like a British Grenadier, cried Billy, with enthusiasm.

"Carbineer, if the same to you, master," said the other, quietly; "I never served in the infantry."

"*Tros Tyriusve mihi*," cried Billy; "which is as much as to say—

"To storm the skies, or lay siege to the moon, Give me one of the line, or a heavy dragoon;"

"It's the same to me, as the poet says."

And a low murmur of the company seemed to accord approval to the sentiment.

"I wish you'd give us a tune, Billy," said one, coaxingly.

"Or a song would be better," observed another.

"Faix," cried a third, "'tis himself could do it, and in Frinch or Latin if ye wanted it."

"The Germans was the best I ever knew for music," broke in Craggs. "I was brigaded with Arentscheld's Hanoverians in Spain; and they used to sit outside the tents every evening, and sing. By Jove! how they did sing—all together, like the swell of a church organ."

"Yes, you're right," said Billy, but evidently yielding an unwilling consent to this doctrine. "The Germans has a fine national music, and they're great for harmony. But harmony and melody is two different things."

"And which is best, Billy?" asked one of the company.

"Musha but I pity your ignorance," said Billy, with a degree of confusion that raised a hearty laugh at his expense.

"Well, but where's the song?" exclaimed another.

"Ay," said Craggs, "we are forgetting the song. Now for it, Billy; since all is going on so well above stairs, I'll draw you a gallon of ale, boys, and we'll drink to the master's speedy recovery."

It was a rare occasion when the Corporal suffered himself to expand in this fashion, and great was the applause at the unexpected munificence.

Billy at the same moment took out his fiddle, and began that process of preparatory screwing and scraping which, no matter how distressing to the surrounders, seems to afford intense delight to performers on this instrument. In the present case, it is but fair to say, there was neither comment nor impatience; on the contrary, they seemed to accept these convulsive throes of sound as an earnest of the grand flood of melody that was coming. That Billy was occupied with other thoughts than those of tuning was, however, apparent, for his lips continued to move rapidly; and at times he was seen to beat time with his foot, as though measuring out the rhythm of a verse.

"I have it now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, making a low obeisance to the company; and so saying, he struck up a very popular tune, the same to which a reverend divine wrote his words of "The night before Larry was stretched;" and in a voice of a deep and mellow fulness, managed with considerable taste sung:—

"A fig for the *chansons* of France,
Whose meaning is always a riddle;
The music to sing or to dance
Is an Irish tune played on the fiddle.
To your songs of the Rhine and the Rhone
I'm ready to cry out *jam satis*;
Just give some thing of our own
In praise of our Land of Potatoes.
Tot lol de lol, etc.

"What care I for sorrows of those
Who speak of their heart as a *cure*;
How expect me to feel for the woes
Of him who calls love an *amore*!
Let me have a few words about home,
With music whose strains I'd remember,
And I'll give you all Florence and Rome,
Tho' they have a blue sky in December.
Tot lol de lol, etc.

"With a pretty face close to your own,
I'm sure there's no rayson for sighing;
Nor when walkin' beside her alone,
Why the blazes be talking of dying.
That's the way, tho' in France and in Spain,
Where love is not real, but acted,
You must always putend you're insane,
Or at laste that you're partly distracted.
Tot lol de lol, etc."

It is very unlikely that the reader will estimate Billy's impromptu as did the company; in fact, it possessed the greatest of all claims to their admiration, for it was partly incomprehensible, and by the artful introduction of a word here and there, of which his hearers knew nothing, the poet was well aware that

he was securing their heartiest approval. Nor was Billy insensible to such flatteries. The "*irritable genus*" has its soft side, can enjoy to the uttermost its own successes. It is possible, if Billy had been in another sphere, with much higher gifts, and surrounded by higher associates, that he might have accepted the homage tendered him with more graceful modesty, and seemed at least less confident of his own merits; but under no possible change of places or people could the praise have bestowed more sincere pleasure.

"You're right, there, Jim Morris," said he, turning suddenly round towards one of the company; "you never said a truer thing than that. The poetic temperament is riches to a poor man. Wherever I go—in all weathers, wet and dreary, and maybe footsore, with the bags full, and the mountain streams all flowin' over—I can just go into my own mind, just the way you'd go into an inn, and order whatever you wanted. I don't need to be a king, to sit on a throne; I don't want ships, nor coaches, nor horses to convey me to foreign lands. I can bestow kingdoms. When I haven't tuppence to buy tobacco, and without a shoe to my foot, and my hair through my hat, I can be dancin' wid princesses, and handin' empresses in to tay."

"Musha, musha!" muttered the surrounders, as though they were listening to a magician, who in a moment of unguarded familiarity condescended to discuss his own miraculous gifts.

"And," resumed Billy, "it isn't only what ye are to yourself and your own heart, but what ye are to others, that without that secret bond between you, wouldn't think of you at all. I remember, once on a time, I was in the north of England travelling, partly for pleasure, and partly with a view to a small speculation in Sheffield ware—cheap penknives and scissors, pencil-cases, bodkins, and the like—and I wandered about for weeks through what they call the Lake Country, a very handsome place, but nowise grand or sublime, like what we have here in Ireland—more wood, forest timber, and better off people, but nothing beyond that!

"Well, one evening—it was in August—I came down by a narrow path to the side of a lake, where there was a stone seat, put up to see the view from, and in front was three wooden steps of stairs going down into the water, where a boat might come in. It was a lovely spot and well chosen, for you could count as many as five promontaries running out into the lake; and there was two islands, all wooded to the water's edge; and behind all, in the distance, was a great mountain, with clouds on the top; and it was just the season when the trees is beginnin' to change their colors, and there was shades of deep gold, and

dark olive, and russet brown, all mingling together with the green, and glowing in the lake below under the setting sun, and all was quiet and still as midnight; and over the water the only ripple was the track of a water-hen, as she scudded past between the islands; and if ever there was peace and tranquillity in the world it was just there! Well, I put down my pack in the leaves, for I didn't like to see or think of it, and I stretched myself down at the water's edge, and I fell into a fit of musing. It's often and often I tried to remember the elegant fancies that came through my head, and the beautiful things that I thought I saw that night out on the lake for-nint me! Ye see I was fresh and fastin'; I never tasted a bit the whole day, and my brain, maybe, was all the better; for somehow janius, real janius, thrives best on a little starvation. And from musing I fell off asleep; and it was the sound of voices near that first awoke me! For a minute or two I believed I was dreaming, the words came so softly to my ear, for they were spoken in a low, gentle tone, and blended in with the slight plash of oars that moved through the water carefully, as though not to lose a word of him that was speakin'.

"It's clean beyond me to tell you what he said; and, maybe, if I could ye wouldn't be able to follow it, for he was discoorsin' about night and the moon, and all that various poets said about them; ye'd think that he had books, and was reading out of them, so glibly came the verses from his lips. I never listened to such a voice before, so soft, so sweet, so musical, and the words came droppin' down, like the clear water filterin' over a rocky ledge, and glitterin' like little spangles over moss and wild flowers.

"It was'n't only in English but Scotch ballad, too, and once or twice in Italian that he recited, till at last he gave out, in all the fullness of his liquid voice, them elegant lines out of Pope's Homer:—

"As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,

When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And top with silver every mountain's head:
Then shine the vales; the rocks in prospect rise—

A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
The conscious swains rejoicing in the sight
Eye the blue vault and bless the useful light."

"The Lord forgive me, but when he came to the last words and said, 'useful light,' I

couldn't restrain myself, but broke out, 'That's mighty like a bull, any how, and reminds me of the ould song:—

"' Good luck to the moon, she's a fine noble creature,
And gives us the daylight at night in the dark.'

"Before I knew where I was, the boat glided into the steps, and a tall man, a little stooped in the shoulders, stood before me.

"Is it you," said he, with a quiet laugh, "that accuse Pope of a bull?"

"It is," says I; "and what's more, there isn't a poet from Horace downwards that I won't show bulls in; there's bulls in Shakespeare and in Milton; there's bulls in the ancients; I'll point out a bull in Aristophanes."

"What have we here?" said he, turning to the others.

"A poor crayture," says I, 'like Goldsmith's chest of drawers'—

"With brains reduced a double debt to pay,
To dream by night, sell Sheffield ware by day.

"Well, with that he took a fit of laughing, and handing the rest out of the boat, he made me come along at his side, discoorsin' me about my thravels, and all I seen, and all I read, till we reached an elegant little cottage on a bank right over the lake; and then he brought me in and made me take tay with the family; and I spent the night there; and when I started next morning there wasn't a 'screed' of my pack that didn't buy penknives, and whistles, and nutcrackers and all, just, as they said, for keepsakes. Good luck to them, and happy hearts, wherever they are, for they made mine happy that day; ay, and for many an hour afterwards, as I just think over the kind words and pleasant faces."

More than one of the company had dropped off asleep during Billy's narrative, and of the others, their complaisance as listeners appeared taxed to the utmost, while the Corporal snored loudly, like a man who had a right to indulge himself to the fullest extent.

"There's a bell again," muttered one; "that's from the Lord's room," and Craggs, starting up by the instinct of his office, hastened off to his master's chamber.

"My lord says you are to remain here," said he, as he re-entered a few minutes later; "he is satisfied with your skill, and I'm to send off a messenger to the post, to let them know he has detained you."

"I'm obaydient," said Billy, with a low bow, "and now for a brief repose!" And so saying, he drew a long woollen nightcap from his pocket, and putting it over his eyes, resigned himself to sleep with the practised air of one who needed but very little preparation to secure slumber.

CHAPTER IV.

A VISITOR.

THE old castle of Glencore contained but one spacious room, and this served all the purposes of drawing-room, dining, and library. It was a long and lofty chamber, with a raftered ceiling, from which a heavy chandelier hung by a massive chain of iron. Six windows, all in the same wall, deeply set and narrow, admitted a sparing light. In the opposite wall stood two fire-places, large, massive, and monumental; the carved supporters of the richly-chased pediment being of colossal size, and the great shield of the house crowning the pyramid of strange and uncouth objects that were grouped below. The walls were partly occupied by book-shelves, partly covered by wainscot, and here and there displayed a worn-out portrait of some bygone warrior or dame, who little dreamed how much the color of their effigies should be indebted to the sad effects of damp and mildew. The furniture consisted of every imaginable type, from the carved oak and ebony console, to the white-and-gold of Versailles taste, and the modern compromise of comfort with ugliness which chintz and soft cushions accomplished. Two great screens, thickly covered with prints and drawings, most of them political caricatures of some fifty years back, flanked each fire-place, making, as it were, in this case, two different apartments.

At one of these, on a low sofa, sat, or rather lay, Lord Glencore, pale and wasted by long illness. His thin hand held a letter, to shade his eyes from the blazing wood fire, and the other hand hung listlessly at his side. The expression of the sick man's face was that of deep melancholy—not the mere gloom of recent suffering, but the deep-cut traces of a long-carried affliction, a sorrow which had eaten into his very heart, and made its home there.

At the second fire-place sat his son, and though a mere boy, the lineaments of his father marked the youth's face with a painful exactness. The same intensity was in the eyes—the same haughty character sat on the brow; and there was in the whole countenance the most extraordinary counterpart of the gloomy seriousness of the older face. He had been reading, but the fast-falling night obliged him to desist, and he sat now contemplating the bright embers of the wood fire in dreary thought. Once or twice was he disturbed from his reverie by the whispered voice of an old serving man, asking for something with that submissive manner assumed by those who are continually exposed to the outbreaks of another's temper; and at last the boy, who had hitherto scarcely deigned to notice the appeals to him, flung a bunch of keys contemptuously on the ground,

with a muttered malediction on his tormentor.

"What's that?" cried out the sick man, startled at the sound.

"Tis nothing, my lord, but the keys that fell out of my hand," replied the old man, humbly. "Mr. Craggs is away to Leenane, and I was going to get out the wine for dinner."

"Where's Mr. Charles?" asked Lord Glencore.

"He's there beyant," muttered the other in a low voice, while he pointed towards the distant fire-place, "but he looks tired and weary, and I didn't like to disturb him."

"Tired!—weary!—with what?—where has he been?—what has he been doing?" cried he, hastily. "Charles, Charles, I say!"

And slowly rising from his seat, and with an air of languid indifference, the boy came towards him.

Lord Glencore's face darkened as he gazed on him.

"Where have you been?" asked he sternly.

"Yonder," said the boy, in an accent like the echo of his own.

"There's Mr. Craggs, now, my lord," said the old butler, as he looked out of the window, and eagerly seized the opportunity to interrupt the scene; there he is, and a gentleman with him."

"Ha! go and meet him, Charles—it's Harcourt. Go and receive him, show him his room, and then bring him here to me."

The boy heard without a word, and left the room with the same slow step and the same look of apathy. Just as he reached the hall the stranger was entering it. He was a tall, well-built man, with the mingled ease and stiffness of a soldier in his bearing; his face was handsome, but somewhat stern, and his voice had that tone which implies the long habit of command.

"You're a Massy, that I'll swear to," said he, frankly, as he shook the boy's hand; "the family face in every lineament. And how is your father?"

"Better; he has had a severe illness."

"So his letter told me. I was up the Rhine when I received it, and started at once for Ireland."

"He has been very impatient for your coming," said the boy; "he has talked of nothing else."

"Ay, we are old friends. Glencore and I have been schoolfellows, chums at college, and messmates in the same regiment," said he, with a slight touch of sorrow in his tone. Will he be able to see me now? Is he confined to bed?"

"No, he will dine with you. I'm to show you your room, and then bring you to him."

"That's better news than I hoped for, boy. By the way, what's your name?"

"Charles Conyngham."

"To be sure, Charles, how could I have forgotten it! So, Charles, this is to be my quarters, and a glorious view there is from this window—what's the mountain yonder?"

"Ben Craggan."

"We must climb that summit some of those days, Charley. I hope you're a good walker. You shall be my guide through this wild region here, for I have a passion for explorings."

And he talked away rapidly, while he made a brief toilet, and refreshed him from the fatigues of the road.

"Now, Charley, I'm at your orders; let us descend to the drawing-room."

"You'll find my father there," said the boy, as he stopped short at the door; and Harcourt, staring at him for a second or two in silence, turned the handle and entered.

Lord Glencore never turned his head as the other drew nigh, but sat with his forehead resting on the table, extending his hand only in welcome.

"My poor fellow!" said Harcourt, grasping the thin and wasted fingers, "my poor fellow, how glad I am to be with you again." And he seated himself at his side as he spoke. "You had a relapse after you wrote to me?"

Glencore slowly raised his head, and pushing back a small velvet skull-cap that he wore, said:—

"You'd not have known me, George. Eh? see how gray I am! I saw myself in the glass to-day for the first time, and I really couldn't believe my eyes."

"In another week the change will be just as great the other way. It was some kind of a fever, was it not?"

"I believe so," said the other, sighing.

"And they bled you and blistered you, of course. These fellows are like the farriers—they have but the one system for everything. Who was your torturer?—where did you get him from?"

"A practitioner of the neighborhood, the wild growth of the mountain," said Glencore, with a sickly smile; "but I mustn't be ungrateful; he saved my life, if that be a cause for gratitude."

"And a right good one, I take it. How like you that boy is, Glencore. I started back when he met me. It was just as if I was transported again to old school-days, and had seen yourself as you used to be long ago! Do you remember the long meadow, Glencore?"

"Harcourt," said he falteringly, "don't talk to me of long ago, at least not now." And then, as if thinking aloud, added, "How strange

that a man without a hope should like the future better than the past."

"How old is Charley?" asked Harcourt, anxious to engage him on some other theme.

"He'll be fifteen, I think, his next birthday; he seems older, doesn't he?"

"Yes, the boy is well grown and athletic. What has he been doing?—have you had him at a school?"

"At a school?" said Glencore, starting; "no, he has lived always here with myself. I have been his tutor—I read with him every day, till that illness seized me."

"He looks clever; is he so?"

"Like the rest of us, George, he may learn, but he can't be taught. The old obstinacy of the race is strong in him, and to rouse him to rebel all you have to do is to give him a task; but his faculties are good, his apprehension quick, and his memory, if he would but tax it, excellent. Here's Craggs come to tell us of dinner; give me your arm, George, we haven't far to go—this one room serves us for everything."

"You're better lodged than I expected; your letters told me to look for a mere barrack; and the place stands so well."

"Yes, the spot was well chosen, although I suppose its founders cared little enough about the picturesque."

The dinner-table was spread behind one of the massive screens, and under the careful direction of Craggs and old Simon, was well and amply supplied—fish and game, the delicacies of other localities, being here in abundance. Harcourt had a traveller's appetite, and enjoyed himself thoroughly, while Glencore never touched a morsel, and the boy ate sparingly, watching the stranger with that intense curiosity which comes of living estranged from all society.

"Charley will treat you to a glass of Burgundy, Harcourt," said Glencore, as they drew round the fire; "he keeps the cellar-key."

"Let us have two, Charley," said Harcourt, as the boy arose to leave the room, "and take care that you carry them steadily."

The boy stood for a second and looked at his father, as if interrogating, and then a sudden flush suffused his face as Glencore made a gesture with his hand for him to go.

"You don't perceive how you touched him to the quick there, Harcourt? You talked to him as to how he should carry the wine; he thought that office menial and beneath him, and he looked to me to know what he should do."

"What a fool you have made of the boy!" said Harcourt, bluntly. "By Jove! it was time I should come here!"

When the boy came back he was followed

by the old butler, carefully carrying in a small wicker contrivance, *Hibernice* called a cooper, three cob-webbed and well-crusted bottles.

"Now, Charley," said Harcourt, gayly, "if you want to see a man thoroughly happy, just step up to my room and fetch me a small leather sack you'll find there of tobacco, and on the dressing-table you'll see my meerschaum-pipe; be cautious with it, for it belonged to no less a man than Ponitowski, the poor fellow who died at Leipsic."

The lad stood again irresolute and confused, when a signal from his father motioned him away to acquit the errand.

"Thank you," said Harcourt, as he re-entered; you see I am not vain of my meerschaum without reason. The carving of those stags is a work of real art; and if you were a connoisseur in such matters, you'd say the color was perfect. Have you given up smoking, Glencore? you used to be fond of a weed."

"I care but little for it," said Glencore, sighing.

"Take to it again, my dear fellow, if only that it is a bond 'tween yourself any everyone who whiffs his cloud. There are wonderfully few habits—I was going to say enjoyments, and I might say so, but I'll call them habits—that consort so well with every condition and every circumstance of life, that become the prince and the peasant, suit the garden of the palace, and the red watch-fire of the barrack, relieve the weary hours of a calm at sea, or refresh the tired hunter in the prairies."

"You must tell Charley some of your adventures in the west. The Colonel has passed two years in the Rocky Mountains," said Glencore to his son.

"Ay, Charley, I have knocked about the world as much as most men, and seen, too, my share of its wonders. If accidents by sea and land can interest you, if you care for stories of Indian life, and the wild habits of a prairie hunter, I'm your man. Your father can tell you more of saloons and the great world of what may be called the high game of life—"

"I have forgotten it, as much as if I had never seen it," said Glencore, interrupting, and with a severity of voice that showed the theme displeased him. And now a pause ensued, painful perhaps to the others, but scarcely felt by Harcourt, as he smoked away peacefully, and seemed lost in the windings of his own fancies.

"Have you shooting here, Glencore?" asked he at length.

"There might be, if I were to preserve the game."

"And you do not. Do you fish?"

"No; never."

"You give yourself up to farming, then?"

"Not even that; the truth is, Harcourt, I literally do nothing. A few newspapers, a stray review or so reach me in these solitudes, and keep me, in a measure, informed as to the course of events; but Charley and I con over our classics together, and scrawl sheets of paper with algebraic signs, and puzzle our heads over strange formulas, wonderfully indifferent to what the world is doing at the other side of this little estuary."

"You of all men living to lead such a life as this! a fellow that never could cram occupation enough into his short twenty-four hours," broke in Harcourt.

Glencore's pale cheek flushed slightly, and an impatient movement of his fingers on the table showed how ill he relished any allusion to his own former life.

"Charley will show you to-morrow all the wonders of our erudition, Harcourt," said he, changing the subject; "we have got to think ourselves very learned, and I hope you'll be polite enough not to undeceive us."

"You'll have a merciful critic, Charley," said the Colonel, laughing, "for more reasons than one. Had the question been how to track a wolf, or wind an antelope, to outmanœuvre a scout party, or harpoon a calf-whale, I'd not yield to many, but if you throw me amongst Greek roots, or double equations, I'm only Sampson, with his hair *en crop*!"

The solemn clock over the mantel-piece struck ten, and the boy arose as it ceased.

"That's Charley's bed-time," said Glencore, "and we are determined to make no stranger of you, George. He'll say good night."

And with a manner of mingled shyness and pride the boy held out his hand, which the soldier shook cordially, saying—

"To-morrow, then, Charley, I count upon you for my day, and so that it be not to be passed in the library I'll acquit myself creditably."

"I like your boy, Glencore," said he, as soon as they were alone. "Of course I have seen very little of him; and if I had seen more I should be but a sorry judge of what people would call his abilities; but he is a good stamp; 'gentleman' is written on him in a hand that any can read; and, by Jove! let them talk as they will, but that's half the battle of life!"

"He is a strange fellow; you'll not understand him a moment," said Glencore, smiling half sadly to himself.

"Not understand him, Glencore? I read him like print, man; you think that his shy, bashful manner imposes upon me; not a bit of it; I see the fellow is as proud as Lucifer. All your solitude and estrangement from the world, hasn't driven out of his head that he's

to be a viscount one of these days; and somehow, wherever he has picked it up, he has got a very pretty notion of the importance and rank that same title confers."

"Let us not speak of this now, Harcourt; I'm far too weak to enter upon what it would lead to. It is, however, the great reason for which I entreated you to come here. And tomorrow—at all events in a day or two—we can speak of it fully. And now I must leave you. You'll have to rough it here, George; but as there is no man can do so with a better grace, I can spare my apologies; only, I beg, don't let the place be worse than it need be. Give your orders; get what you can; and see if your tact and knowledge of life cannot remedy many a difficulty which our ignorance or apathy have served to perpetuate.

"I'll take the command of the garrison with pleasure," said Harcourt, filling up his glass, and replenishing the fire. "And now a good night's rest to you, for I half suspect I have already jeopardised some of it."

The old campaigner sat till long past midnight. The generous wine, his pipe, the cheerful wood-fire, were all companionable enough, and well-suited thoughts which took no high or heroic range, but were chiefly reveries of the past, some sad, some pleasant, but all tinged with the one philosophy, which made him regard the world as a campaign, wherein he who grumbles or repines is but a sorry soldier, and unworthy of his cloth.

It was not till the last glass was drained that he arose to seek his bed, and pleasantly humming some old air to himself, he slowly mounted the stairs to his chamber.

CHAPTER V.

COLONEL HARCOURT'S LETTER.

As we desire throughout this tale to make the actors themselves, wherever it be possible, the narrators, using their words in preference to our own, we shall now place before the reader a letter written by Colonel Harcourt about a week after his arrival at Glencore, which will at least serve to rescue him and ourselves from the task of repetition.

It was addressed to Sir Horace Upton, Her Majesty's Envoy at Stuttgart, one who had formerly served in the same regiment with Glencore and himself, but who left the army early, to follow the career of diplomacy wherein, still a young man, he had risen to the rank of a minister. It is not important to the object of our story to speak more particularly of his character, than that it was in almost every respect the opposite of his correspondent. Where the one was frank, open, and unguarded, the other was cold, cautious and reserved; where one believed, the other doubted; where one was hopeful, the other

had nothing but misgivings. Harcourt would have twenty times a day wounded the feelings, or jarred against the susceptibility of his best friend; Upton could not be brought to trench upon the slightest prejudice of his greatest enemy. We might continue this contrast to every detail of their characters, but enough has now been said, and we proceed to the letter in question:—

"Glencore Castle.

"DEAR UPTON,—True to my promise to give you early tidings of our old friend, I sit down to pen a few lines, which, if a rickety table and some infernal lampblack for ink should make illegible, you'll have to wait for the elucidation till my arrival. I found Glencore terribly altered; I'd not have known him. He used to be muscular and rather full in habit; he is now a mere skeleton. His hair and moustache were coal black; they are a motley gray. He was straight as an arrow—pretentiously erect, many thought; he is stooped now, and bent nearly double. His voice, too, the most clear and ringing in the squadron, is become a hoarse whisper. You remember what a passion he had for dress, and how heartily we all deplored the chance of his being colonel, well knowing what precious caprices of costly costume would be the consequence. Well, a discharged corporal, in a cast-off mufti, is stylish compared to him. I don't think he has a hat—I have only seen an oilskin cap; but his coat, his one coat, is a curiosity of industrious patch-work; and his trowsers are a pair of our old overalls, the same pattern we wore at Hounslow when the king reviewed us.

"Great as these changes are, they are nothing to the alteration in the poor fellow's disposition. He that was generous to munificence, is now an absolute miser, descending to the most pitiful economy, and moaning over every trifling outlay. He is irritable, too, to a degree. Far from the jolly, light-hearted comrade, ready to join in the laugh against himself, and enjoy a jest of which he was the object, he suspects a slight in every allusion, and bristles up to resent a mere familiarity, as though it were an insult.

"Of course I put much of this down to the score of illness, and of bad health before he was so ill; but, depend upon it, he's not the man we knew him; heaven knows if he ever will be so again. The night I arrived here he was more natural—more like himself, in fact, than he has ever been since. His manner was heartier, and in his welcome there was a touch of the old jovial good fellow, who never was so happy as when sharing his quarters with a comrade. Since that he has grown punctilious, anxiously asking me if I am comfortable, and teasing me with apologies for

what I don't miss, and excuses about things that I should never have discovered wanting.

"I think I see what is passing within him; he wants to be confidential, and he doesn't know how to go about it. I suppose he looks on me as rather a rough father to confess to; he isn't quite sure what kind of sympathy, if any, he'll meet with from me, and he more than half dreads a certain careless, out-spoken way in which I have now and then addressed his boy, of whom more anon.

"I may be right, or I may be wrong, in this conjecture; but certain it is that nothing like confidential conversation has yet passed between us, and each day seems to render the prospect of such only less and less likely. I wish from my heart you were here; you are just the fellow to suit him—just calculated to nourish the susceptibilities that I only shock. I said as much to other day, in a half-careless way, and he immediately caught it up, and said—"Ay, George, Upton is a man one wants now and then in life, and when the moment comes, there is no such thing as a substitute for him." In a joking manner, I then remarked, "Why not come over to see him?" "Leave this!" cried he; "venture into the world again; expose myself to its brutal insolence, or still more brutal pity!" In a torrent of passion, he went on in this strain, till I heartily regretted that I had ever touched this unlucky topic.

"I date his greatest reserve from that same moment; and I am sure he is disposed to connect me with the casual suggestion to go over to Studtgard, and deems me, in consequence, one utterly deficient in all true feeling and delicacy.

"I needn't tell you that my stay here is the reverse of a pleasure. I'm never, what fine people call, bored anywhere; and I could amuse myself gloriously in this queer spot. I have shot some half dozen seals, hooked the heaviest salmon I ever saw rise to a fly, and have had rare coursing, not to say that Glencore's table, with certain reforms I have introduced, is very tolerable, and his cellar unimpeachable. I'll back his chambertin against your excellency's; and I have discovered a bin of red hermitage that would convert a whole vineyard of the smallest Lafitte into Sneyd's claret; but with all these seductions, I can't stand the life of continued constraint I'm reduced to. Glencore evidently sent for me to make some revelations, which, now that he sees me, he cannot accomplish. For aught I know, there may be as many changes in me to his eyes, as to mine there are in him. I only can vouch for it, that if I ride three stone heavier, I haven't the worse place, and I don't detect any striking falling off in my appreciation of good fare and good fellows.

"I spoke of the boy: he is a fine lad—

somewhat haughty, perhaps; a little spoiled by the country people calling him the young lord; but a generous fellow, and very like Glencore, when he first joined us at Canterbury. By way of educating him himself, Glencore has been driving Virgil and decimal fractions into him; and the boy, bred in the country—never out of it for a day—can't load a gun or tie a tackle. Not the worst thing about the boy is his inordinate love for Glencore, whom he imagines to be about the greatest and most gifted being that ever lived. I can scarcely help smiling at the implicitness of this honest faith; but I take good care not to smile; on the contrary, I give every possible encouragement to the belief. I conclude the disenchantment will arrive only too early at last.

"You'll not know what to make of such a lengthy epistle from me, and you'll doubtless torture that fine diplomatic intelligence of yours to detect the secret motive of my long-windedness; but the simple fact is, it has rained incessantly for the last three days, and promises the same cheering weather for as many more. Glencore doesn't fancy that the boy's lessons should be broken in upon—and *hinc istæ literæ*—that's classical for you.

"I wish I could say when I am likely to beat my retreat. I'd stay—not very willingly, perhaps—but still I'd stay, if I thought myself of any use; but I cannot persuade myself that I am such. Glencore is now about again, feeble of course, and much pulled down, but able to go about the house and the garden. I can contribute nothing to his recovery, and I fear as little to his comfort. I even doubt if he desires me to prolong my visit; but such is my fear of offending him, that I actually dread to allude to my departure, till I can sound my way as to how he'll take it. This fact alone will show you how much he is changed from the Glencore of long ago. Another feature in him, totally unlike his former self, struck me the other evening. We were talking of old messmates—Croydon, Stanhope, Loftus, and yourself—and instead of dwelling, as he once would have done, exclusively on your traits of character and disposition, he discussed nothing but your abilities, and the capacity by which you could win your way to honors and distinction. I needn't say how, in such a valuation, you came off best. Indeed he professes the highest esteem for your talents, and says, "You'll see Upton either a cabinet minister or ambassador at Paris yet;" and this he repeated in the same words last night, as if to show it was not dropped as a mere random observation.

"I have some scruples about venturing to offer anything bordering a suggestion to a great and wily diplomatist like yourself; but if an illustrious framer of treaties and protocols

would condescend to take a hint from an old dragoon colonel, I'd say that a few lines from your crafty pen might possibly unlock this poor fellow's heart, and lead him to unburthen to you what he evidently cannot persuade himself to reveal to me. I can see plainly enough that there is something on his mind; but I know it just as a stupid old bound feels there is a fox in the cover, but cannot for the life of him see how he's to 'draw' him.

"A letter from you would do him good, at all events; even the little gossip of your gossiping career would cheer and amuse him. He said, very plaintively, two nights ago, 'They've all forgotten me. When a man retires from the world, he begins to die, and the great event, after all, is only the *coup-de-grace* to a long agony of torture.' Do write to him, then; the address is Glencore Castle, Leenane, Ireland, where, I suppose, I shall be still a resident for another fortnight to come.

"Glencore has just sent for me; but I must close this for the post, or it will be too late.

Yours ever truly,

GEORGE HARCOURT.

"I open this to say that he sent for me to ask for your address—whether through the Foreign Office, or direct to Stuttgart. You'll probably not hear for some days, for he writes with extreme difficulty, and I leave it to your wise discretion to write to him or not in the interval.

"Poor fellow, he looks very ill to-day. He says that he never slept the whole night, and that the laudanum he took to induce drowsiness, only excited and maddened him. I counselled a hot jorum of mulled porter before getting into bed; but he deemed me a monster for the recommendation, and seemed quite disgusted besides. Couldn't you send him over a despatch? I think such a document from Stuttgart ought to be an unfailing soporific."

CHAPTER VI.

QUEER COMPANIONSHIP.

WHEN Harcourt repaired to Glencore's bedroom, where he still lay, wearied and feverish after a bad night, he was struck by the signs of suffering in the sick man's face. The cheeks were bloodless and fallen in, the lips pinched, and in the eyes there shone that unnatural brilliancy which results from an overwrought and over-excited brain.

"Sit down here, George," said he, pointing to a chair beside the bed; "I want to talk to you. I thought every day that I could muster courage for what I wish to say; but somehow, when the time arrived, I felt like a criminal who entreates for a few hours more of life, even though it be a life of misery."

"It strikes me that you were never less

equal to the effort than now," said Harcourt, laying his hand on the other's pulse.

"Don't believe my pulse, George," said Glencore, smiling faintly. "The machine may work badly, but it has wonderful holding out. I've gone through enough," added he, gloomily, "to kill most men, and here I am still, breathing and suffering."

"This place doesn't suit you, Glencore.—There are not above two days in the month you can venture to take the air."

"And where would you have me go, sir?" broke he in fiercely. "Would you advise Paris and the Boulevards, or a palace in the Piazza di Spagna at Rome? or perhaps the Chiaja at Naples would be public enough? Is it that I may parade disgrace and infamy through Europe, that I should leave this solitude?"

"I want to see you in a better climate, Glencore; somewhere where the sun shines occasionally."

"This suits me," said the other, bluntly; "and here I have the security that none can invade—none molest me. But it is not of myself I wish to speak—it is of my boy."

Harcourt made no reply, but sat patiently to listen to what was coming.

"It is time to think of him," added Glencore, slowly. "The other day—it seems but the other day—and he was a mere child; a few years more—to seem when past like a long dreary night—and he will be a man."

"Very true," said Harcourt; "and Charley is one of those fellows who only make one plunge from the boy into all the responsibilities of manhood. Throw him into college at Oxford, or the mess of regiment to-morrow, and this day week you'll not know him from the rest."

Glencore was silent; if he had heard he never noticed Harcourt's remark.

"Has he ever spoken to you about himself, Harcourt?" asked he, after a pause.

"Never, except when I led the subject in that direction; and even then reluctantly, as though it were a topic he would avoid."

"Have you discovered any strong inclination in him for a particular kind of life, or any career in preference to another?"

"None; and if I were only to credit what I see of him, I'd say that this dull monotony, and this dreary, uneventful existence, is what he likes best of all the world."

"You really think so," cried Glencore, with an eagerness that seemed out of proportion to the remark.

"So far as I see," rejoined Harcourt, guardedly, and not wishing to let his observation carry graver consequences than he might suspect.

"So that you deem him capable of passing a life of a quiet, unambitious tenor—neither

seeking for distinctions, nor fretting after honors."

"How should he know of their existence, Glencore? What has the boy ever heard of life and its struggles? It's not in Homer, or Sallust, he'd learn the strife of parties and public men."

"And why need he ever know them?" broke in Glencore, fiercely.

"If he doesn't know them now, he's sure to be taught them hereafter. A young fellow who will succeed to a title and a good fortune——"

"Stop, Harcourt," cried Glencore, passionately. "Has anything of this kind ever escaped you in intercourse with the boy?"

"Not a word—not a syllable."

"Has he himself ever, by a hint, or by a chance word, implied that he was aware of——"

Glencore faltered and hesitated, for the word he sought for did not present itself.—Harcourt, however, released him from all embarrassment, by saying—

"With me, the boy is rarely anything but a listener; he hears me talk away of tiger shooting, and buffalo-hunting, scarcely ever interrupting me with a question. But I can see his manner with the country people, when they salute him, and call him my lord——"

"But he is not my lord," broke in Glencore.

"Of course he is not; that I am perfectly aware of."

"He never will—never shall be," cried Glencore, in a voice to which a long pent-up passion imparted a terrible energy.

"How!—what do you mean, Glencore?" said Harcourt, eagerly. "Has he any malady?—is there any deadly taint?"

"That there is, by Heaven!" cried the sick man, grasping the curtain with one hand, while he held the other firmly clenched upon his forehead. "A taint, the deadliest that can stain a human heart! Talk of station, rank, title—what are they, if they are to be coupled with shame, ignominy, and sorrow? The loud voice of the Herald calls his father Sixth Viscount of Glencore; but a still louder one proclaims his mother a——"

With a wild burst of hysteric laughter, he threw himself, face downwards, on the bed; and now scream after scream burst from him, till the room was filled by the servants, in the midst of whom appeared Billy, who had only that same day returned from Leenane, whither he had gone to make a formal resignation of his functions as letter carrier.

"This is nothing but an '*accessio nervosa*,'" said Billy; "clear the room, ladies and gentlemen, and lave me with the patient." And Harcourt gave the signal for obedience by first taking his departure.

Lord Glencore's attack was more serious than at first it was apprehended, and for three days there was every threat of a relapse of his late fever; but Billy's skill was once more successful, and on the fourth day he declared that the danger was past. During this period, Harcourt's attention was, for the first time, drawn to the strange creature who officiated as the doctor, and who, in despite of all the detracting influences of his humble garb and mean attire, aspired to be treated with the deference due to a great physician.

"If it's the crown and the sceptre makes the king," said he, "'tis the same with the science that makes the doctor; and no man can be despised when he has a rag of ould Galen's mantle to cover his shoulders."

"So you're going to take blood from him?" asked Harcourt, as he met him on the stairs, where he had awaited his coming one night when it was late.

"No, sir; 'tis more a disturbance of the great nervous centres than any decayin' of the heart and arteries," said Billy, pompously; "that's what shows a real doctor, to distinguish between the effects of excitement and inflammation, which is as different as fireworks is from a bombardment."

"Not a bad simile, Master Billy; come in and drink a glass of brandy-and-water with me," said Harcourt, right glad at the prospect of such companionship.

Billy Traynor too, was flattered by the invitation, and seated himself at the fire with an air at once proud and submissive.

"You've a difficult patient to treat there," said Harcourt, when he had furnished his companion with a pipe, and twice filled his glass; "he's hard to manage, I take it?"

"Yer' right," said Billy; "every touch is a blow, every breath of air is a hurricane with him. There's no such thing as tratin' a man of that temperament; it's the same with many of them ould families as with our race horses, they breed them too fine."

"Egad, I think you are right," said Harcourt, pleased with an illustration that suited his own modes of thinking.

"Yes, sir," said Billy, gaining confidence by the approval; "a man is a *ma'-chine*, and all the parts ought to be balanced, and as the ancients say, *in equilibrio*. If you give a preponderance here or there, whether it be brain or spinal marrow, cardiac functions or digestive ones, you distroy him, and make that dangerous kind of constitution that, like a horse with a hard mouth, or a boat with a weather helm, always runs to one side."

"That's well put, well explained," said Harcourt, who really thought the illustration appropriate.

"Now my lord there," continued Billy, "is all out of balance, every bit of him. Bleed

him, and he sinks; stimulate him, and he goes ragin' mad. 'Tis their physical conformation makes their character; and to know how to cure them in sickness, one ought to have some knowledge of them in health."

"How came you to know all this? You are a very remarkable fellow, Billy."

"I am, sir; I'm a phenomenon in a small way. And many people thinks, when they see and converse with me, what a pity it is I hav'n't the advantages of edication and instruction, and that's just where they're wrong, completely wrong."

"Well, I confess I don't perceive that."

"I'll show you, then. There's a kind of janius natural to men like myself, in Ireland, I mean, for I never heerd of it elsewhere. That's just like our Irish emerald or Irish diamond, wonderful if one considers where you find it—astonishin' if you only think how azy it is to get, but a regular disappointment, a downright take-in, if you intend to have it cut, and polished and set. No, sir; with all the care and culture in life, you'll never make a precious stone of it!"

"You've not taken the right way to convince me, by using such an illustration, Billy."

"I'll try another, then," said Billy. "We are like Willy-the-Whisps, showing plenty of light where there's no road to travel, but of no manner of use on the highway, or in the dark streets of a village where one has business."

"Your own services here are the refutation to your argument, Billy," said Harcourt, filling his glass.

"'Tis your kindness to say so, sir," said Billy, with gratified pride; "but the sacrat was, he thrustud me—that was the whole of it. All the miracles of physic is confidence, just as all the magic of eloquence is conviction."

"You have reflected profoundly, I see," said Harcourt.

"I made a great many observations at one time of my life—the opportunity was favorable."

"When and how was that?"

"I travelled with a baste caravan for two years, sir; and there's nothing teaches one to know mankind like the study of bastes!"

"Not complimentary to humanity, certainly," said Harcourt, laughing.

"Yes, but it is, though; for it is by a consideration of the *feræ naturæ* that you get at the raal nature of mere animal existence. You see there man in the rough, as a body might say, just as he was turned out of the first workshop, and before he was fettered with the *divinus afflatus*, the æthereal essence, that makes him the first of creation. There's all the qualities good and bad—love, hate, vengeance, gratitude, grief, joy, ay and mirth—

there they are in the brutes; but they're in no subjection, except by fear. Now it's out of man's motives his character is moulded, and fear is only one amongst them. D'ye apprehend me?"

"Perfectly; fill your pipe." And he pushed the tobacco towards him.

"I will; and I'll drink the memory of the great and good man that first intro-duced the weed amongst us.—Here's Sir Walter Raleigh. By the same token, I was in his house, last week."

"In his house! where?"

"Down at Greyhall. You Englishmen, savin' your presence, always forget that many of your celebrities lived years in Ireland. For it was the same long ago as now—a place of decent banishment for men of janius—a kind of straw yard where ye turned out your intellectual hunters till the sayson came on at home."

"I'm sorry to see, Billy, that, with all your enlightenment, you have the vulgar prejudice against the Saxon."

"And that's the rayson I have it, because it is vulgar," said Billy, eagerly. Vulgar means popular, common to many; and what's the best test of truth in anything but universal belief, or whatever comes nearest to it. I wish I was in Parliament—I just wish I was there the first night one of the nobs calls out 'that's vulgar; and I'd just say to him, 'Is there anything as vulgar as men and women? Show me one good thing in life that isn't vulgar? Show me an object a painter copies, or a poet describes, that isn't so?' Ayeh," cried he impatiently, "when they wanted a hard word to fling at us, why didn't they take the right one?"

"But you are unjust, Billy; the ungenerous tone ye speak of is fast disappearing. Gentlemen now-a-days use no disparaging epithets to men poorer or less happily circumstanced than themselves."

"Faix," said Billy, "it isn't sitting here, at the same table with yourself, that I ought to gainsay that remark."

And Harcourt was so struck by the air of good breeding in which he spoke, that he grasped his hand, and shook it warmly.

"And what is more," continued Billy, "from this day out I'll never think so."

He drank off his glass as he spoke, giving to the libation all the ceremony of a solemn vow.

"D'ye hear that?—them's oars; there's a boat coming in."

"You have sharp hearing, master," said Harcourt, laughing.

"I got the gift when I was a smuggler," replied he. "I could put my ear to the ground of a still night, and tell you the tramp of a revenue boot as well as if I seen it. And now I'll lay sixpence it's Pat Morissy is at the bow-oar

there; he rows with a short jerking stroke there's no timing. That's himself, and it must be something urgent from the post-office that brings him over the Lough to-night."

The words were scarcely spoken when Craggs entered with a letter in his hand.

"This is for you, Colonel," said he; "it was marked 'immediate,' and the post-mistress despatched it by express."

The letter was a very brief one; but, in honor to the writer, we shall give it a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER VII.

A GREAT DIPLOMATIST.

"MY DEAR HARCOURT,—I arrived here yesterday, and by good fortune caught your letter at the F. O., where it was awaiting the departure of the messenger for Germany.

"Your account of poor Glencore is most distressing. At the same time, my knowledge of the man and his temper in a measure prepared me for it. You say that he wished to see me, and intends to write. Now there is a small business matter between us, which his lawyer seems much disposed to push on to a difficulty, if not to worse. To prevent this, if possible, at all events to see whether a visit from me might not be serviceable, I shall cross over to Ireland on Tuesday, and be with you by Friday, or at furthest Saturday. Tell him that I am coming, but only for a day. My engagements are such that I must be here again early in the following week. On Thursday I go down to Windsor.

"There is wonderfully little stirring here, but I keep that little for our meeting. You are aware, my dear friend, what a poor, shattered, broken-down fellow I am; so that I need not ask you to give me a comfortable quarter for one night, and some shell-fish, if easily procurable, for my one dinner.

"Yours, ever and faithfully,

"H. U."

We have already told our reader that the note was a brief one, and yet was it not altogether uncharacteristic. Sir Horace Upton—it will spare us both some repetition if we present him at once—was one of a very composite order of human architecture; a kind of being, in fact, of which many would deny the existence till they met and knew them, so full of contradictions, real and apparent, was his nature. Chivalrous in sentiment and cunning in action, noble in aspiration, and utterly sceptical as to such a thing as principal, one-half of his temperament was the antidote to the other. Fastidious to a painful extent in matters of taste, he was simplicity itself in all the requirements of his life, and with all a courtier's love of great people, not only tolerating, but actu-

ally preferring, the society of men beneath him. In person he was tall, and with that air of distinction in his manner that belongs only to those who unite natural graces with long habits of high society. His features were finely formed, and would have been actually handsome, were the expression not spoiled by a look of astuteness—a something that implied a tendency to overreach—which marred their repose and injured their uniformity. Not that his manner ever betrayed this weakness; far from it—his was a most polished courtesy. It was impossible to conceive an address more bland or more conciliating. His very gestures, vis voice, languid by a slight habit of indisposition, seemed as though exerted above their strength in the desire to please, and making the object of his attentions to feel himself the mark of peculiar honor. There ran through all his nature, through everything he did, or said, or thought, a certain haughty humility, which served, while it assigned an humble place to himself, to mark out one still more humble for those about him. There were not many things he could not do; indeed he had actually done most of those which win honor and distinction in life. He had achieved a very gallant but brief military career in India, made a most brilliant opening in Parliament, where his abilities at once marked him out for office, was suspected to be the writer of the cleverest political satire, and more than suspected to be the author of the novel of the day. With all this, he had great social success. He was deep enough for a ministerial dinner, and "fast" enough for a party of young Guardsmen at Greenwich. With women, too, he was especially a favorite; there was a Machiavellian subtlety which he could throw into small things—a mode of making the veriest trifles, little Chinese puzzles of ingenuity that flattered and amused them. In a word, he had great adaptiveness, and it was a quality he indulged less for the gratification of others than for the pleasure it afforded himself.

He had mixed largely in society, not only of his own, but of every country of Europe. He knew every chord of that complex instrument which people call the world, like a master; and although a certain jaded and wearied look, a tone of exhaustion and fatigue, seemed to say that he was tired of it all, that he had found it barren and worthless, the real truth was, he enjoyed life to the full as much as on the first day in which he entered it; and for this simple reason, that he had started with an humble opinion of mankind, their hopes, fears, and ambitions, and so he continued, not disappointed, to the end.

The most governing notion of his whole life was an impression that he had a disease of the chest, some subtle and mysterious affection which had defied the doctors, and would

go on to defy them to the last. To suggest to him that his malady had any affinity to any known affection was to outrage him, since the mere supposition would reduce him to a species of equality with some one else—a thought infinitely worse than any mere physical suffering; and, indeed, to avoid this shocking possibility, he vacillated as to the locality of his disorder, making it now in the lung, now in the heart—at one time in the bronchial tubes, at another in the valves of the aorta. It was his pleasure to consult for this complaint every great physician of Europe, and not alone consult, but commit himself to their direction, and this with a credulity which he could scarcely have summoned in any other cause.

It was difficult to say how far he himself believed in this disorder—the pressure of any momentous event, the necessity of action, never finding him unequal to any effort, no matter how onerous. Give him a difficulty, a minister to outwit, a secret scheme to unravel, a false move to profit by, and he rose above all his pulmonary symptoms, and could exert himself with a degree of power and perseverance that very few men could equal, none surpass. Indeed it seemed as though he kept this malady for the pastime of idle hours, as other men do a novel or a newspaper, but would never permit it to interfere with the graver business of life.

We have, perhaps, been prolix in our description, but we have felt it the more requisite to be thus diffuse, since the studious simplicity which marked all his manner might have deceived our reader, and which the impression of his mere words have failed to convey.

"You will be glad to hear Upton is in England, Glencore," said Harcourt, as the sick man was assisted to his seat in the library, "and, what is more, intends to pay you a visit."

"Upton coming here!" exclaimed Glencore, with an expression of mingled astonishment and confusion—"how do you know that?"

"He writes me from Long's to say that he'll be with us by Friday, or, if not, by Saturday."

"What a miserable place to receive him," exclaimed Glencore. "As for you, Harcourt, you know how to rough it, and have bivouacked too often under the stars to care much for satin curtains. But think of Upton here! How is he to eat?—where is he to sleep?"

"By Jove, we'll treat him handsomely. Don't you fret yourself about his comforts;

besides, I've seen a great deal of Upton, and with all his fastidiousness and refinement, he's a thorough good fellow at taking things for the best. Invite him to Chatsworth, and the chances are he'll find twenty things to fault—with the place, the cookery, and the servants; but take him down to the Highlands, lodge him in a shieling, with bannocks for breakfast and a Fyne herring for supper, and I'll wager my life you'll not see a ruffle in his temper, nor hear a word of impatience out of his mouth."

"I know that he is a well-bred gentleman," said Glencore, half pettishly; "but I have no fancy for putting his good manners to a severe test, particularly at the cost of my own feelings."

"I tell you again he shall be admirably treated; he shall have my room; and, as for his dinner, Master Billy and I are going to make a raid amongst the lobster-pots. And what with turbot, oysters, grouse-pie, and mountain mutton, I'll make the diplomatist sorrow that he is not accredited to some native sovereign in the Arran islands, instead of some 'mere German Hertzog.' He can only stay one day."

"One day!"

"That's all; he is over head-and-ears in business, and he goes down to Windsor on Thursday, so that there is no help for it."

"I wish I may be strong enough; I hope to heaven that I may rally—" Glencore stopped suddenly as he got thus far, but the agitation the words cost him seemed most painful.

"I say again, don't distress yourself about Upton—leave the care of entertaining him to me. I'll vouch for it that he leaves us well satisfied with his welcome."

"It was not of that I was thinking," said he, impatiently; "I have much to say to him—things of great importance. It may be that I shall be unequal to the effort; I cannot answer for my strength for a day—not for an hour. Could you not write to him, and ask him to defer his coming till such time as he can spare me a week, or at least some days?"

"My dear Glencore, you know the man well, and that we are lucky if we can have him here on his *own* terms, not to think of imposing *ours*; he is sure to have a number of engagements while he is in England."

"Well, be it so," said Glencore, sighing, with the air of a man resigning himself to an inevitable necessity.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MAUD.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.*

WE are old enough to remember the time when the bare announcement of a new poem from the pen of Byron, or of a new romance from that of Scott, was sufficient to send a thrill of curiosity and expectation through the whole body of the public. No ingenious newspaper puffs, containing hints as to the nature and tone of the forthcoming production, were then required to stimulate the jaded appetite, and prepare it for the enjoyment of the promised feast. Gluttons all of us, we had hardly devoured one dish fit for a banquet of the gods, before we were ready for another; and it needed not the note of lute or psaltery, sackbut or dulcimer, to induce us to pounce, ravenous as eagles, upon the coming prey. Some selfishness undoubtedly there was; for we have known desperate, and even demoniacal struggles take place for the possession of an early copy. The mail-coach which was supposed to carry one or more of these precious parcels a week or so before the general delivery, was in much greater danger of being stopped and plundered than if the boot had been stuffed with boxes containing the laminous issue of the Bank of England. One ancient guard, well known to travellers on the north road for his civility to passengers and his admiration of rum and milk, used to exhibit a lump behind his ear, about the size of a *magnum bonum* plum, arising from an injury caused by the pistol of a literary footpad, who attacked the mail near Alnwick for the purpose of obtaining forcible possession of a proof copy of *Rob Roy*. Judges were known to have absented themselves from the bench for the undisturbed engorgement, and for weeks afterwards the legal opinions which they delivered were strangely studded with medicinal terms. As for the poetical apprentices, Byron was, indeed, the very prince of the flat-caps. No sooner was a fresh work of his announced, than opium and prussic acid rose rapidly in the market; and the joyous tidings of some new harlotry by Mr. Thomas Moore created a fluttering as of besmirched doves among the delicate damsels of Drury Lane.

All that, however, is matter of history, for the world since then has become, if not wiser, much more callous and indifferent. We have been fed for a long time upon adulterated viands, and have grown mightily suspicious of the sauce. Since the literary caterers, with very few exceptions, betook themselves to puffing, and to the dubious task of representing garbage only fit for cat's-meat, as pieces of

the prime quality, men have grown shy through frequent disappointment, and will not allow themselves to be seduced into anticipatory ecstasies even by the most tempting bill of fare. When every possible kind of publication—from the lumbering journals and salacious court-gossip of some antiquated patrician pantaloons, edited by his senseless son, down to the last History of the Highway, with sketches of eminent burglars—from the play after the perusal of which in manuscript Mr. Macready was attacked by British cholera, down to the poem so very spasmodic that it reminds you of the writhing of a knot of worms—from audacious, though most contemptible forgeries on the dead, down to the autobiography of a rogue and a swindler—is represented as “a work of surpassing interest, full of genius, calculated to make a lasting impression on the public mind,” and so forth, can it be wondered at if the public has long ago lost faith in such announcements? It would be as easy to induce a pack of fox-hounds to follow a trail through the town of Wick in the herring season, as to allure purchasers by dint of this indiscriminate system of laudation.

Yet we deny not that at times we feel a recurrence of the old fever-fit of expectation. The advertisement of a forth-coming novel by Sir E. B. Lytton would excite in the bosoms of many of us sensations similar to those which agitate a Junior Lord of the Treasury at the near approach of quarter-day. If we could only be assured of the exact time when Mr. Macaulay's new volumes are to appear, we might, even now, forgive him for having kept us so long upon the tenter-hooks. Let Lord Palmerston fix a precise day for the issue of his *Life and Political Reminiscences*, and we gage our credit that, before dawn, the doors of his publisher will be besieged; and, to come to the immediate subject of this article, we have been waiting for a long time, with deep anxiety, for the promised new volume of poems by Alfred Tennyson. The young cormorant, whom from our study window we see sitting upon a rock in the voe, was an egg on a ledge of the cliff when we first heard whisper that the Laureate was again preparing to sing. The early daisies were then starring the sward, and the primroses blooming on the bank; and now the poppies are red amongst the corn, and the corn itself yellowing into harvest. Post after post arrived, and yet they brought not *Maud*—a sore disappointment to us, for we are dwelling in the land of the Niebelungen, where, Providence be praised, there are no railways, and cheap literature is deliciously scarce—so we fell back upon Tennyson's earlier poems, solaced ourselves with the glorious rhythm of *Locksley Hall* and the *Morie D'Arthur*, lay among the purple heather, and read *Ulysses* and the *Lotus-eaters*, and

* Maud and other Poems. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. London, 1855.

dreamed luxuriously of the *Sleeping Beauty*. These, and one or two others, such as *Dora*, and the *Gardener's Daughter*, are poems of which we never tire, so exquisite is their expression, and so delicate their music; and for their sake we are content to pass over a good deal that is indifferent in quality, and much that is affected in manner. For—the truth must be said, notwithstanding the chirping of numerous indiscreet admirers who are incapable of distinguishing one note from another—Alfred Tennyson is singularly unequal in composition. Some of the poems upon which he appears to have bestowed the greatest amount of labor, and on which we suspect he particularly plumes himself, are his worst; and we never could join in the admiration which we have heard expressed for *In Memoriam*. It is simply a dirge, with countless variations, calculated, no doubt, to show the skill of the musician, but conveying no impression of reality or truthfulness to the mind. Grief may be so drawn out and protracted as to lose its primary character, and to assume that very modified form which the older poets used to denominate the luxury of woe. One epitaph, in prose or verse, is enough for even the best of our race, and the briefer it can be made, the better. To sit down deliberately and elaborate several scores in memory of the same individual, is a waste of ingenuity on the part of the writer, and a sore trial of temper to the reader. Nor can we aver that we are at all partial to this kind of funeral commemoration when carried to an extreme. Poets may be excused for fabricating, in their hours of melancholy, an occasional dirge or so, which may serve as a safety-valve to their excited feelings; but their voices were given them for something better than to keep wheezing all day long like a chorus of consumptive sextons. Therefore we have never included *In Memoriam* in the list of our travelling library, but have left it at home on the same shelf with Blair's *Grave*, and the *Oraisons Funebres*.

We confess to have been disappointed with *The Princess*. The idea of the poem, though somewhat bizarre, was novel and ingenious, and allowed scope for great variety, but it necessarily implied the possession of more humorous power than Mr. Tennyson has yet displayed. In it, however, are to be found some most beautiful lines and passages—so beautiful, indeed, that they almost seem out of place in a poem which, as a whole, leaves so faint and vague an impression on the mind of the reader. We ought, however, to accept *The Princess*, a *Medley*, for what it probably was intended to be—a freak of fancy; and in that view it would be unfair to apply it to any stringent rules of criticism.

Even those who esteemed his later volumes more highly than we were able to do—who

protested that they had wept over portions of *In Memoriam*, and that they were able to extract deep lessons of philosophy from divers dark sayings in *The Princess*, which to uninitiated eyes, seemed rather devoid of meaning—even they were constrained to admit that something better might have been expected from Alfred. And now, when, after a breathing-time, he had taken the field afresh, we entertained a sincere and earnest hope that his new poem would be equal, if not superior, to any of his former productions.

We have at last received *Maud*, and we have risen from its perusal dispirited and sorrowful. It is not a light thing nor a trivial annoyance to a sincere lover of literature to have it forced upon his conviction that the man, who has unquestionably occupied for years the first place among the living British poets, is losing ground with each successive effort. During the earlier part of the present century, when poetry as an especial art was more cultivated if not more prized than now, there were many competitors for the laurels; and when the song of one minstrel ceased or grew faint, another was emulous with his strain. It is not so now. We have, indeed, much piping, but little real melody; and knowing that we have but a very slight poetical reserve to fall back upon, we watch with more than ordinary vigilance and anxiety the career of those who have already won a reputation. It is singular, but true, that the high burst of poetry which many years ago was simultaneously exhibited both in Germany and Great Britain has suddenly declined in either country—that no adequate successors should be found to Schiller, Goethe, Tieck, and Uhland, in the one—or to Scott, Byron, Campbell, and Coleridge, in the other. Many more names, both German and British, we might have cited as belonging to the last poetic era, but these are enough to show, by comparison, how much we have dwarfed in poetry. It may be that this is partly owing to the wider range of modern literature, and the greatly increased demand for ready literary ability, but the fact remains as we have stated it; and certainly there are now few among us who devote themselves exclusively to the poetic art, and fewer still who have cultivated it with anything approaching to success. First among the latter class we have ranked, and still do rank, Tennyson.—He has resisted all literary temptations which might have interfered with his craft; like Wordsworth, he has refused to become a *litterateur*, and has taken his lofty stand upon minstrelsy alone. And upon that one account if no other, we should deeply regret to see him fail. Occasional failure, or what the world will term as such, is no more than every poet who has early developed his powers, and whose genius has met with ready recognition, must

expect; for, in the absence of any universal standard, the public are wont to weigh the actions, words, and writings of each man separately, and to decide upon their merit according to previous achievement. It may be a positive misfortune to have succeeded too early.—There is much more in the word "Excelsior" than meets the common eyes, or, we shrewdly apprehend than reaches the understanding of the men who use it so freely. A man may rise to fame by one sudden effort; but unless he can leap as high, if not higher, again, he will presently be talked of as a cripple by multitudes, who, but for his first airy vault, would have regarded his second with astonishment. It is the consciousness of the universal application of this rule of individual comparison which, in all ages, has forced poets and other literary men to study variety. Having achieved decided success in one department, they doubt whether their second effort can transcend the first; and being unwilling to acknowledge discomfiture, even by themselves, they essay some new feat of intellectual gymnastics. That the world has been a gainer thereby we do not doubt. "New fields and new pastures" are as necessary to the poet as to the shepherd; only it behooves him to take care that he does not conduct us to a barren moor.

Now let us examine more particularly the poem before us. Had *Maud* been put into our hands as the work of some young unrecognized poet, we should have said that it exhibited very great promise—that it contained at least one passage of such extraordinary rhythmical music, that the sense became subordinate to the sound, a result which, except in the case of one or two of the plaintive ancient Scottish ballads, and some of the lyrics of Burns, has hardly ever been attained by any British writer of poetry—that such passages, however, though they exhibited the remarkable powers of the author, were by no means to be considered as manifestations, or rather assurances, of his judgment, even in musical matters, since they alternated with others of positively hideous cacophony, such as we should have supposed no man gifted with a tolerable ear and pliable fingers would have perpetrated—that sometimes a questionable taste had been exhibited in the selection of ornaments, which were rather gaudy than graceful, and often too ostentatiously exposed—that there were other grave errors against taste which we could only attribute to want of practice and study—that the objectionable and unartistic portions of the poem were, leaving the mediocre ones altogether out of the question, grossly disproportionate to the good—and that the general effect of the poem was unhappy, unwholesome, and disagreeable. Such would

have been our verdict, had we not known who was the writer; and we feel a double disappointment now when forced to record it against a poet of such deserved reputation. But it is the best course to express our opinion honestly, and without reservation. My. Tennyson's indiscriminate admirers may possibly think it their duty to represent this, his latest production, as a magnificent triumph of genius, but they never will be able to persuade the public to adopt that view, and we trust most sincerely that the Laureate will not permit himself to be confirmed in practical error through their flatteries. We say this much because we see no reason for attributing the inferior quality of his later poems to any decay of his native or acquired powers. We believe that he can, whenever he pleases, delight the world once more with such poetry as he enunciated in his youth; but we think that he has somehow or other been led astray by poetic theories, which may be admirably adapted for the consideration of dilettanti, but which are calculated rather to spoil than to enhance the productions of a man of real genius.—Theories have been ere now the curse of many poets. For example, who will deny that, but for their obstinate adherence to theory, the reputations both of Wordsworth and of Southey would have been greater than they presently are?

Maud is a monologue in six-and-twenty parts, each of them intended to depict a peculiar phase of the mind of the speaker, who is a young gentleman in decayed circumstances, and therefore morbid and misanthropical. The poem opens thus:—

"I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little
wood,
Its lips in the field above are dabbled with blood-
red heath,
The red-ribb'd ledges drip with a silent horror of
blood,
And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her, answers
'Death.'

For there in the ghastly pit long since a body
was found,
His who had given me life—O father! O God I
was it well?—
Mangled and flatten'd, and crush'd and dinted
into the ground:
*There yet lies the rock that fell with him when he
fell.*

Did he fling himself down? who knows? for a
great speculation had fail'd,
And ever he mutter'd and madden'd, and ever
wann'd with despair,
And out he walk'd when the wind like a broken
worldling wail'd,
And the flying gold of the ruin'd woodlands drove
thro' the air.

I remember the time, for the roots of my hair
were stirr'd
By a shuffled step, by a dead weight trail'd by a
whisper'd fright,
And my pulses closed their gates with a shock on
my heart as I heard
*The shrill-edged shriek of a mother divide the shud-
dering night.*

Villany somewhere! whose? One says we are
villains all.
Not he: his honest fame should at least by me be
maintain'd:
But that old man, now lord of the broad estate
and the Hall,
*Dropt off gorged from a scheme that had left us
flaccid and drain'd.*

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace?
we have made them a curse,
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not
its own;
And lust of gain in the spirit of Cain, is it bet-
ter or worse
*Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his
own hearthstone?*

But these are the days of advance, the works of
the men of mind,
When who but a fool would have faith in a trades-
man's ware or his word?
*Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and that
of a kind*
*The viler as underhand, not openly bearing the
sword.*

Sooner or later I too may passively take the
print
Of the golden age—why not? I have neither
hope nor trust:
May make my heart as a millstone, set my face
as a flint,
Cheat and be cheated, and die: who knows? we
are ashes and dust."

Is that poetry? Is it even respectable
verse? Is it not altogether an ill-conceived
and worse-expressed screed of bombast, set to
a metre which has the string-halt, without even
the advantage of regularity in its hobble? Do
not say that we are severe, we are merely
speaking the truth, and we are ready to fur-
nish a test. Let any man who can appreciate
melody, turn to *Locksley Hall*, and read aloud
eight or ten stanzas of that wonderful poem,
until he has possessed himself with its music,
then let him attempt to sound the passage
which we have just quoted, and he will imme-
diately perceive the woeful difference. The
contrast between the breathings of an Æolian
harp and the rasping of a blacksmith's file is
scarcely more palpable. Our young misan-
thrope goes on to describe the ways of the
world, of which he seems to entertain a very
bad opinion, and finally comes to the conclu-
sion that war upon a large scale is the only

proper remedy for adulteration of comestibles,
housebreaking, and child-murder:—

"And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruf-
fian's head,
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the
trampled wife,
White chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the
poor for bread,
And the spirit of murder works in the very means
of life.

And Sleep must lie down arm'd, for the villainous
centre-bits
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moon-
less nights,
While another is cheating the sick of a few last
gasps, as he sits
To pestle a poison'd poison behind his crimson lights.

When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a
burial fee
*And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's
bones,*
Is it peace or war? better war! loud war by land
and by sea,
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hun-
dred thrones.

For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round
by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-
decker out of the foam,
*That the smooth-faced snub-nosed rogue would leap
from his counter and till,*
And strike if he could, were it but with his cheat-
ing yardwand home."

Having thus vented his bile by a wholesale
objurgation of the peace-party, which shows,
as Baillie Jarvie says, that "the creature has
occasional glimmerings," this unhappy victim
of paternal speculation suddenly bethinks
himself that there are workmen at the Hall,
now the property of the "millionnaire" or
"gray old wolf," by which endearing titles the
father of Maud is designated throughout, and
that the family are coming home. He re-
members the little girl:—

"Maud with her sweet purse-mouth when my
father dangled the grapes,"

but makes up his mind to have nothing to say
to her:—

"Thanks, for the fiend best knows whether wo-
man or man be the worse.
I will bury myself in my books, and the Devil
may pipe to his own."

However, on an early day he obtains a
glimpse, in a carriage, of "a cold and clear-
cut-face," which proves to belong to Maud,
and he thus describes her:—

'Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
Dead perfection, no more; nothing more, if it
had not been
For a chance of travel, a paleness, an hour's defect
of the rose,
Or an underlip you may call it a little too ripe,
too full,
Or the least little delicate aquiline curve in a sensitive
nose,
From which I escaped heart-free, with the least
little touch of spleen.'

The thaw, however, commences. He presently hears her singing; and as this passage is the first in the volume which displays a scintillation of poetic power, or reminds us in any way of the former writings of Mr. Tennyson, we gladly insert it:—

"A voice by the cedar tree,
In the meadow under the Hall!
She is singing an air that is known to me,
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call!
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of May,
Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner and bugle and fife
To the death for their native land.

Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an English green,
Maud in the light of her youth and her grace,
Singing of Death, and of Honor that cannot
die,
Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and
mean,
And myself so languid and base.

Silence, beautiful voice!
Be still, for you only trouble the mind
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
A glory I shall not find.
Still I will hear you no more,
For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice
But move to the meadow and fall before
Her feet on the meadow and grass, and a lore,
Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind,
Not her, not her, but a voice."

When we read the above passage we had good hope that the Laureate had emerged from the fog, but he again becomes indistinct and distorted. However, the worst is past, for we verily believe it would be impossible for ingenuity itself to caricature the commencement. Maud begins to smile upon Misanthropos, who is, however, still suspicious; for her brother has an eye to a seat for the county, and the young lady may be a canvasser in disguise. We should like to know what gentleman sate for the following sketch:—

"What if tho' her eye seem'd fall
Of a kind intent to me,

What if that dandy-despot, he,
That jewell'd mass of millinery,
That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull
Snelling of musk and of insolence,
Her brother, from whom I keep aloof,
Who wants the finer politic sense
To mask, tho' but in his own behoof,
With a glassy smile his brutal scorn—
What if he had told her yesternorn
How prettily for his own sweet sake
A face of tenderness might be feign'd,
And a moist mirage in desert eyes,
That so, when the rotten hustings shake
In another month to his brazen lies,
A wretched vote may be gain'd."

It seems, however, that a young member of the peerage, who owes his rank to black diamonds, is an admirer of Maud; whereupon the misanthropic lover again becomes abusive:—

"Sick, am I sick of a jealous dread?
Was not one of the two at her side
This new-made lord, whose splendor plucks
The slavish hat from the villager's head?
Whose old grandfather has lately died,
Gone to a blacker pit, for whom
Grimy nakedness dragging his trucks
And laying his trams in a poison'd gloom
Wrought till he crept from a gutted mine
Master of half a servile shire,
And left his coal all turn'd into gold
To a grandson, first of his noble line,
Rich in the grace all women desire,
Strong in the power that all men adore,
And simper and set their voices lower,
And soften as if to a girl, and hold
Awe-stricken breaths at a work divine,
Seeing his gewgaw castle shine,
New as his title, built last year,
There amid perky larches and pine,
And over the sullen purple moor
(Look at it) pricking a cockney ear.

What, has he found my jewel out?
For one of the two that rode at her side
Bound for the Hall, I am sure was he:
Bound for the Hall, and I think for a bride.
Blithe would her brother's acceptance be.
Maud could be gracious too, no doubt,
To a lord, a captain, a padded shape,
A bought commission, a waxen face,
A rabbit mouth that is ever agape—
Bought? what is it he cannot buy?
And therefore splenetic, personal, base,
Sick, sick to the heart of life, am I."

But, after all, Misanthropos proves too much for the titled Lord of the Mines, for he and Maud have a walk together in a wood, and the courtship commences in earnest:—

"Birds in our wood sang
Ringing through the valleys,
Maud is here, here, here
In among the lilies.

I kiss'd her slender hand,
She took the kiss sedately;
Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately.

Look, a horse at the door,
And little King Charles is snarling.
Go back, my lord, across the moor,
You are not her darling."

O dear, dear! what manner of stuff is this?

But that Assyrian Bull of a brother is again in the way, and treats Misanthropos cavalieri; notwithstanding which he proposes to Maud, and is accepted. We make every allowance for the raptures of a lover on such an occasion, and admit that he is privileged to talk very great nonsense; but there must be a limit somewhere; and we submit to Mr. Tennyson whether he was justified, for his own sake, in putting a passage so outrageously silly as the following into the mouth of his hero:—

"Go not, happy day,
From the shining fields,
Go not, happy day,
Till the maiden yields.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.
When the happy Yes
Falters from her lips,
Pass and blush the news
O'er the blowing ships.

Over blowing seas,
Over seas at rest,
Pass the happy news,
Blush it thro' the West;
Till the red man dance
By his red cedar tree,
And the red man's babe
Leap, beyond the sea.
Blush from West to East,
Blush from East to West,
Till the West is East
Blush it thro' the West.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth."

Mr. Halliwell some years ago published a collection of Nursery Rhymes. We have not the volume by us at present; but we are fully satisfied that nothing so bairnly as the above is to be found in the Breviary of the Innocents. The part which follows this is ambitiously and elaborately written, and we doubt not will find many admirers. It is eminently rhetorical, and replete with graceful imagery, but somehow there is not a line in it which haunts us.

It seems to us a splendid piece of versification, but deficient in melody and passion, and much too artificial for the situation. Others, however, may think differently, and therefore we extract the conclusion:—

"Is that enchanted moan only the swell
Of the long waves that roll in yonder knell?
And hark the clock within, the silver knell
Of twelve sweet hours that past in bridal white,
And died to live, long as my pulses play;
But now by this my love has closed her sight,
And given false death her hand, and stol'n away
To dreamful wastes where footless fancies dwell
Among the fragments of the golden day.
May nothing there her maiden grace affright!
Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy spell.
My bride to be, my evermore delight,
My own heart's heart and ownest own, farewell.
It is but for a little space I go:
And ye meanwhile far over moor and fell
Beat to the noiseless music of the night!
Has our whole earth gone nearer to the glow
Of your soft splendors, that you look so bright?
I have climb'd nearer out of lonely Hell.
Beat, happy stars, timing with things below,
Beat with my heart more blest than heart can tell,
Blest, but for some dark undercurrent woe
That seems to draw—but it shall not be so:
Let all be well, be well."

Then follows some namby-pamby which we shall not quote. There is to be a grand political dinner and dance at the Hall, to which Misanthropos is not invited; but he intends to wait in Maud's own rose-garden until the ball is over, when he hopes to obtain an interview for a moment. Then comes a very remarkable passage, in which Mr. Tennyson gives a signal specimen of the rhythmical power which he possesses. The music of it is faultless; and we at least are not disposed to cavil at the quaintness of the imagery which is almost Oriental in its tone. We treasure it the more, because it is the one gem of the collection—the only passage that we can read with pure unmixed delight, and with a perfect conviction that it is the strain of a true poet. Other passages there are, more ambitious and elaborate, studded all over with those metaphors, strange epithets, and conceits which are the disfigurement of modern poetry, and which we are surprised that a man of genius and experience should persist in using; but they all seem to us to want life and reality, and surely the ink was sluggish in the pen when they were written. Only in this one does the verse flash out like a golden thread from a reel; and we feel that our hands are bound, like those of Thalaba, when the enchantress sang to him as she spun:—

"Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,

Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, 'There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play.'
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, 'The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine,' so I swear to the rose,
'For ever and ever, mine.'

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the
wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossoms fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear,
From the passion-flower at the gate,

She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near;'
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late;'
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear;'
And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red."

Little more of story is there. The lovers are surprised in the garden by the Assyrian Bull and Lord Culm and Coke, and the former smites Misanthropos on the face. A duel ensues, when "*procumbit humi bos*." Misanthropos betakes himself to France, returns, finds that his love is dead, and goes mad. Mr. Tennyson has written a mad passage, but we must needs say that he had better have spared himself the trouble. Seven pages of what he most accurately calls "idiot gabble," are rather too much, more especially when they do not contain a touch of pathos. We weep over the disordered wits of Ophelia—we listen to the ravings of Misanthropos, and are nervous as to what may happen if the keeper should not presently appear with a strait-jacket. The case is bad enough when young poetasters essay to gain a hearing by dint of maniacal howls; but it is far worse when we find a man of undoubted genius and wide-spread reputation, demeaning himself by putting his name to such absolute nonsense as this:—

"Not that gray old wolf, for he came not back
From the wilderness full of wolves, where he used
to lie;

He has gather'd the bones for his o'ergrown
whelp to crack;

Crack them now for yourself, and howl, and die.

Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip,
And curse me the British vermin, the rat;
I know not whether he came in the Hanover
ship,
But I know that he lies and listens mute
In an ancient mansion's crannies and holes:
Arsenic, arsenic, sir, would do it,
Except that now we poison our babes, poor
souls!

It is all used up for that."

Can Mr. Tennyson possibly be laboring under the delusion that he is using his high talents well and wisely, and giving a valuable contribution to the poetic literature of England, by composing and publishing such gibberish? We are told that there is method in madness, and Shakspeare never lost sight of that when giving voice to the ravings of King

Lear; but this is mere barbarous bedlamite jargon, without a vestige of meaning, and it is a sore humiliation to us to know that it was written by the Laureate.

At length Misanthropos recovers his senses; principally, in so far as we can gather from the poem, because the British nation has gone to war with Russia; and we expected to learn from Mr. Tennyson that he had enlisted, and gone out to the Crimea to head a forlorn hope, and perish in a hostile battery. It appears, however, that he had no such intention; and the poem closes with the following passage, which bears a *singular* resemblance to fustian:—

"Tho' many a light shall darken, and many shall weep
For those that are crush'd in the clash of jarring claims,
Yet God's just doom shall be wreak'd on a giant liar,
And many a darkness into the light shall leap,
And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,
And noble thought be freer under the sun
And the heart of a people beat with one desire;
For the long, long canker of peace is over and done,
And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep,
And deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress flames
The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire."

It must, we think, have been observed by most readers of Tennyson's poetry, that his later productions do not exhibit that felicity of diction which characterized those of an earlier period. It seems to us that he formerly bestowed great pains upon his style, which was naturally ornate, for the purpose of attaining that simplicity of expression which is the highest excellence in poetry as in every other kind of composition. By simplicity we do not mean bald diction, or baby utterance;—we use the term in its high sense, as expressive of the utmost degree of lucidity combined with energy, when all false images, far-fetched metaphors and comparisons, and mystical forms of speech, are discarded. The best of Tennyson's early poems are composed in that manner; but of late years there has been a marked alteration in his style. He gives us no longer such exquisite little gems as *Hero and Leander*, which was printed in the first edition of his poems, but which seems to have been excluded, through over-fastidiousness, from the subsequent collection. It is many a long year since we read that poem, but we know it by heart sufficiently well to declaim it; and we venture from memory to transcribe the opening stanza:—

"O go not yet, my love!
The night is dark and vast,
The moon is hid in the heaven above,
And the waves are climbing fast;
O kiss me, kiss me once again,
Lest that kiss should be the last!
O kiss me ere we part—
Grow closer to my heart—
My heart is warmer surely than the bosom of the main!"

What can be more beautiful, musical, or exquisite than that passage? No wonder that it lingers on the mind, like the echo of a fairy strain. But turn to those simple passages in *Maud*, and you find nothing but namby-pamby. We have already quoted more than one such passage, and perhaps it is unnecessary to multiply instances; but, lest it should be said that lovers' raptures, being often incomprehensible, incoherent, and rather childish in reality, ought to be so rendered in verse, we pray the attention of the reader to the following few lines, which admit of no such plea in justification:—

"So dark a mind within me dwells,
And I make myself such evil cheer,
That if I be dear to some one else,
Then some one else may have much to fear;
But if I be dear to some one else,
Then I should be to myself more dear,
Shall I not take care of all that I think,
Yea ev'n of wretched meat and drink,
If I be dear,
If I be dear to some one else?"

On what possible pretext can lines like these be ranked as poetry? Why should we continue to sneer at Sternhold and Hopkins, when the first poetical writer of the day is not ashamed to give such offerings to the public?

In his more ambitious attempts, Mr. Tennyson is now wordy, and very often rugged. Some of his later verses bear a strong resemblance to that kind of crampo which was invented to test the youthful powers of pronunciation; and the enigma relating to "Peter Piper," who "pecked a peck of pepper off a pewter platter," is not more execrably cacophonous than many lines which we could select from the volume before us. Here is one instance, not by any means the strongest:—

"Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet woodland ways,
Where if I cannot be gay, let a passionless peace be my lot,
Far-off from the clamor of liars belied in the hub-bub of lies:
From the long-neck'd geese of the world that are ever hissing dispraise

Because their natures are little, and, whether he heed it or not,
Where each man walks with his head in a cloud of
poisonous flies."

Also it appears to us that he has become addicted to exaggeration, and an unnecessary use of very strong language. The reader must have already perceived this from the extracts we have given descriptive of Maud's brother, and of his friend; but the same violence of phraseology is exhibited when there appears no occasion for hyperbole, and then the effect becomes ludicrous. In former times, few could vie with Mr. Tennyson in the art of heightening a picture; now he has lost all discretion, and overlays his subject, whether it relates to a material or a mental image. We might pass over "daffodil skies," "gross mud-honey," "ashen-gray delights," "the delicate Arab arch" of a lady's feet, and "the grace that, bright and light as a crest of a peacock, sits on her shining head." We might, we say, pass over these things, as mere casual lapses or mannerisms; but when Mr. Tennyson for the purpose, we presume, of indicating the morbid tendencies of his hero, makes him give vent to the following confession, we have no bowels of compassion left, and we feel a considerable degree of contempt for Maud for having condescended to listen to the addresses of such a pitiful poltroon:—

"Living alone in an empty house,
Here half-hid in the gleaming wood,
Where I hear the dead at mid-day moan,
And the shrieking rush of the wainscot mouse,
And my own sad name in corners cried,
When the shiver of dancing leaves is thrown
About its echoing chambers wide,
Till a morbid hate and horror have grown
Of a world in which I have hardly mixt,
And a morbid eating lichen fixt
On a heart half turned to stone."

But we have no heart to go on further; nor shall we criticise the minor poems appended to *Maud*, for there is not one of them which we consider at all worthy of the genius of the author.

A more unpleasant task than that which we have just performed in reviewing this poem, and in passing so unfavorable a judgment, has not devolved upon us for many a day. We hoped to have been able to applaud—we have

been compelled against our wish and expectation, to condemn. It may possibly be said that there was no occasion for expressing any kind of opinion; and that if, after perusing *Maud*, we found that we could not conscientiously praise it, it was in our option to let it pass unnoticed. But we cannot so deal with Mr. Tennyson. His reputation is a high one; and he has a large poetic following. In justice to others of less note, upon whose works we have commented freely, we cannot maintain silence when the Laureate has taken the field. Some of those whom we have previously noticed, may possibly think that our judgments have been harsh—for when did ever youthful poet listen complacently to an honest censor?—but they shall not have an excuse for saying that, while we spoke our mind freely with regard to them, we have allowed others of more acknowledged credit to escape, when their writings demanded condemnation. Why should we attempt reviewing at all, if we are not to be impartial in our judgments? If the opinion which we have expressed should have the effect of making Mr. Tennyson aware of the fact that he is seriously imperilling his fame by issuing poems so ill considered, crude, tawdry, and objectionable as this, then we believe that our present plainness of speech will be the cause of a great gain to the poetic literature of the country. If, on the contrary, Mr. Tennyson chooses to turn a deaf ear to our remonstrance, we cannot help it; but we have performed our duty. We have never been insensible to his merits, nor have we wilfully withheld our admiration; and it is from the very poignancy of our regret to see a man so gifted descend to platitudes like these, that we have expressed ourselves so broadly. Fain would we, like Ventidius in Dryden's play, arouse our Anthony to action, but we cannot hope to compass that by sugared words, or terms of indolent approval. We must touch him to the quick. In virtue of the laurel wreath, he is the poetical champion of Britain, and should be prepared to maintain the lists against all comers. Is this a proper specimen of his powers? By our Lady of the Lances! we know half-a-dozen minor poets who, in his present condition, could bear him from his saddle in a canter.

UNCERTAIN MEANING OF WORDS. We say of a newspaper that it contains "the latest intelligence;" or, that it has "the earliest intelligence;" both phrases being intended to convey precisely the same meaning. "Your news is late," means that it is stale; but "He brings all the late news," expresses the very reverse of tardiness. — *Notes and Queries*.

From Chambers's Journal.

KITCHEN AND PARLOR.

"Oh, that will do for the servants."

"My dear," I observed, as the jagged half-raw remnant of the gigot went down stairs, "what may be the derivation of that word, servant?"

"La! aunt, how can you ask such silly questions?"

"Servo, servavi, servatum, servare," mused my nephew-in-law, a young divine, with a turn for philology. "Servans—literally, a person who serves."

"A definition referring simply to the occupation, and not necessarily extending to the species?"

"No—O no!"

"Nor indicating any *a priori* difference of race?"

"Certainly not."

My pretty niece opened her eyes—as she always did when her aunt was talking "nonsense" with her husband. But at this minute Mary-Ann brought in little Johnnie for his pudding; and of course it was the last thing to be wished that the domestics should suppose our table-talk was about them. So we rushed hurriedly to the subject of Master John's new frock, and left the former question, apropos of the gigot, to be brought out at leisure.

I have since done so, rather deeply, for I go about a good deal from house to house, and see many people in their intimate domestic relations. And of all such relations, it seems to me there is none which in the present day so much wants remodeling, as that of master—or mistress—and servant. I wonder whether a plain woman may speak a few plain words on this subject?

Among all matronhood, the universal moan is "servants—servants!"—"Where shall I get a good servant?"—"Oh, I have been in such trouble about my servants!"—"They are all alike—those servants!" There seems an undying feud, or at the best a sort of armed neutrality, existing between above and below-stairs—the powers that be, and the powers that suffer.

The "family" and "the servants" are quite a different race—as different as the Helots and the Lacedæmonians. If I hinted to Mrs. Marianna, my niece, that Mary-Ann, her parlor-maid, was quite as pretty a woman as herself, and, with one-half her advantages of education, would probably have been twice as intelligent, I should be scouted indignantly, and never asked to dinner any more. Yet such is the simple truth, though, luckily, neither party knows it. I am no preacher of "equality;" there is not such a thing in the world. How should man make what Nature does not—not even in a lettuce bed? There will ever be varieties—the tallest, the most delicate, or the earliest plant. When you can grow me a bed of vegetables all alike, then I will grow you a human race whose first principle is equality. To the world's end, there must be high and low, rich and poor, masters and servants—all must "meet together," and we know Who "is the Maker of them all." But while I recognize this natural and immutable law of superior and inferior, which, having ex-

isted always, is evidently right to exist, I do not recognize that unnatural system of antagonism which divides a household into two distinct species of humanity, organizes one set of interests for the kitchen and another for the parlor, one code of morals for the server and another for the served.

Let us look at the thing in its root, and consider the origin of "servitude." A household, not sufficient for its necessary work, accepts hired help, in which, as a natural consequence, the practised hand directs the unpractised, and rests from its own labors. Our first hint of this state of society is Abraham, with his "men-servants, and maid-servants," his "young men," his "trained servants born in his house"—and probably born of his own kindred, certainly of his own Hebrew race. Doubtless he was a true patriarch, a "great father" among them all, and they were free "servants." Not a word find we of bondsmen or bondswomen, save in the case of Hagar the Egyptian.

A servant, then, is originally one who, from outward circumstances or inward organization, finds himself incapable of ruling, and is therefore necessitated to obey; to become not the dictator, but the minister—not the head, but the hands. It may be, he will in time rise out of this inferior position; if not, he gradually settles in its level, grows familiar with its cares, duties, and pleasures, and leaves the same to be inherited by his descendants. My niece Marianna, did it ever strike you that yourself and Mary-Ann might have been sisters', or at least cousins' children? Yet I have known a family, a highly respectable family too, where such was actually the case. One man sinks, another rises—each by his own momentum of character. Am I to blame if, while my daughter plays the harp in the drawing-room, my third or fourth cousin has to clean the kitchen-grate? Not a bit of it—if fortune has reduced her to the position of my hired maiden and I pay her honorable wages for honorable work. But it is my duty to see that the said grate-cleaner, be she who she may, is treated as if she and myself both came from the one blood of the great human family, and is allowed every possibility that fate likewise allows, to raise herself in the scale of society, or become as perfect as she can be in that position for which she is fitted, and to which she was born.

But I am reasoning on special points or generalities. I will come to the practical question of why it is that in one-half the families of one's acquaintance, especially in large towns, the grand burden and complaint is—servants.

Let me look around—for examples are necessary, and shall be made quite harmless.

There is Mrs. Smith. You will never once enter that lady's house, without hearing of a change in its domestic arrangements; you will hardly knock at the door four successive weeks, without its being opened by a strange damsel. To count the number of servants Mrs. Smith has had since her marriage, would puzzle her eldest boy, even though he is just going into his multiplication-table. Out of some scores, surely all could not have been so bad; yet, to hear her,

no imps of Satan in female form could be worse than those with which her house has been haunted—cooks who sold the dripping, and gave the roast-meat to the policeman; housemaids who could only scrub and scour, and wait at table and clean plate, and keep tidy to answer the door, and who actually had never learned to sew neatly, or to get up fine linen! Nurses wickedly pretty, or thinking themselves so, who had the atrocious impudence to buy a bonnet "just like my straw one," with flowers inside! Poor Mrs. Smith! Her whole soul is engrossed in the servant question. Her whole life is a domestic battle—of the mean, scratch-and-snap, spit-and-snarl kind. She has a handsome house; she gives good wages—that is, her liberal husband does—but not a servant will stay with her.

And why? Because she is not fitted to be a mistress. She cannot rule—she can only order about; she cannot reprove—she can only scold. Possessing no real dignity, she is always trying to assert its semblance; having little or no education, she is the hardest of all judges upon ignorance. Though so tenacious of her prerogative, that she dismissed Sally Bains for imitating missis's bonnet—(Heaven forgive you Mrs. Smith! but do you know where you might find that poor pretty sixteen-year old child *now*?)—still, the more intelligent of her servants soon find out that she is "not a lady;" that, in fact, if one stripped off her satin gowns, and sold her carriage, and made her inhabit the basement story instead of the drawing-room of her handsome house, Mrs. Smith would be not one whit superior to themselves. Her quick-witted parlormaid is fully aware of this, as you may see from the way in which, notwithstanding all occasional airs of authority, she contrives to wind missis round her little-finger, get her own way entirely, and rule the house arrangements from attic to cellar. This being not unprofitable, she will probably outstay many of the other servants—not because she is any better than the rest, but merely cleverer.

Mrs. Brown's household is on quite a different plan. You will never hear the small domestic "rows"—the petty squabbles between mistress and maid, injustice on one side and impertinence on the other. Mrs. Brown would never dream of quarrelling with "a servant," any more than with her dog or cat, or some other inferior animal. She strictly fulfils her duty as mistress; gives regular wages, very moderate certainly, for her income is much below both her birth and her breeding; exacts no extra service; and is rigidly particular in allowing her servants the due holidays—namely, to church every other Sunday, and a day out once a month. Her house-keeping is economical without being stingy; everything is expected to go on like clock-work; if otherwise, dismissal follows, for Mrs. Brown dislikes to have to find fault, even in her lofty and distant way. She is a conscientious, honorable lady, who exacts no more than she performs; and her servants respect her. But they stand in awe of her; they do not love her. There is a wide gulf between their humanity and hers—you never would believe that they and she shared the same flesh and blood of

womanhood, and would end in the same dust and ashes. She is well served, well obeyed; and justly, but—and that is justice too—she is neither sympathized with nor confided in. Perhaps this truth may have struck home to her sometimes; as when her maid, who had been ill unnoticed for months in waiting on her one morning dropped down, and—died that night; or when, the day there came news of the battle of Inkermann—she sat hour after hour with the *Times* in her lap, in her gloomy, lonely dining-room—and not a soul came nigh her, to ask or learn from her speechless looks "what of the young master?"

In the Jones's highly respectable family, are most respectable servants, clever, quick, attentive, and fully conscious of their own value and capabilities. They dress quite as finely as "the family," go out with parasols on Sundays, and have their letters directed "Miss." They guard with jealousy all their perquisites and privileges—from the tradesmen's Christmas-boxes, and the talk outside the nearly closed front-door wite unlimited "followers," to the dearly prized right of a pert answer to missis when she ventures to complain. And missis—a kind easy soul—is rather afraid of so doing; and endures many an annoyance, together with a few real wrongs, rather than sweep her house with the besom of righteous destruction, and annihilate, in their sprouting, evils that will soon grow up like rampant weeds. This is no slight regret to Mrs. Jones's friends, who see that a little judicious authority, steadily and unvaryingly asserted—a little quiet exercise of will, instead of fidgety or nervous faultfinding, and needless suspiciousness, would make matters all straight, and reduce this excellent and liberal establishment, from the butler down to the little kitchen-maid, to the safe level of a limited monarchy. Instead of which, there is a loose sway, which often borders upon that most dangerous of all governments—domestic republicanism.

This last is the government at Mrs. Robinson's. She long let the reins go—leaned back, and slumbered. Where her household will drive to, Heaven only knows! The house altogether takes care of itself. The mistress is too gentle to blame anybody for anything—too lazy to do anything herself, or show anybody else how to do it. I suppose she has eyes, yet you might write your name in dust-tracks on every bit of furniture in her house. She doubtless likes to wear a clean face and a decent gown, for she has tastes not unrefined; yet in Betty, her maid-of-all-work, both these advantages are apparently impossible luxuries. Mrs. Robinson can't, or believes she can't, afford what is called a "good" servant—that is, an efficient, conscientious, responsible woman, who requires equivalent wages for valuable services—therefore she does with poor Betty, but it never seems to strike Betty, or her mistress either, that though poverty may be inevitable, dirt and tatters never are—that a girl, if ever so ignorant, can generally be taught—a house, if ever so small and ill furnished, can at least be clean—a dinner, if ever so plain, nay, scanty, may be well cooked and well arranged; and however the servants fall short,

every mistress has always her own intelligent brain, and has, at the worst, her own pair of active hands. Did you ever consider that last possibility, my good Mrs. Robinson? Would Betty honor you less if, every morning, she saw you dust a chair or two, or hunt out lurking ambushes of spiders—so that she was shamed into knowledge and industry by the conviction, that what she left undone, her mistress would certainly do? Would you be less amiable in your husband's eyes by the discovery, that it was you yourself who cooked, and then taught Betty to cook, his comfortable dinner? Would he have less pleasure in your dainty fingers for seeing on them a few needle marks, caused by the making of tidy chair-covers, or the mending of clean threadbare carpets, so as to make the best of his plain, quiet home, where Heaven has at once denied the blessing and spared the responsibility of children? But you may be as ignorant as Betty herself. I am afraid you are. Nevertheless, if she can learn, surely you can. Let me give you a golden rule—"Never expect a servant to do that which you cannot do, or, if necessary, will learn to do, yourself."

Mrs. Johnson, now, will be a very good illustration of this. I doubt if she is any richer than Mrs. Robinson; and a few years after her marriage, I know it was very uphill work indeed with the young couple; especially for the wife, who, married at nineteen, was as ignorant as any school-girl. She and her cook are reported to have studied Mrs. Glass together. To this day, I fancy the praise of any special dinner would be modestly received as conjointly due to "missis and me." So, doubtless, would any grand effect in household arrangements, though, where all goes on so smoothly and orderly, that the most sudden visitor would only necessitate an extra knife and fork, and a clean pair of sheets in the spare room, there is not much opportunity for any coup d'état in the housemaid-line. As for the nursery-staff—but since her boys could walk alone, Mrs. Johnson has abolished the nursery altogether. If she has no more children, these two lads will have the infinite blessing of never being "managed" by any womankind save their mother. Of course, it is a busy, and often hard life for her; and her handmaidens know it. They see her employed from morning till night, happy and merry enough, but always employed. They themselves would be ashamed to be lazy; they would do anything in the world to lighten things to missis. If little delicate Fred is ailing, Jane will sit up half the night with him, and still get up at five next morning. Mary, the cook, does not grumble at any accidental waiting, if missis, in her sewing, has the slightest need of Jane. Both would work their fingers to the bone any day to save her the least trouble or pain. Not a cloud comes across her path—not a day of illness—her own or her little ones'—shadows her bright looks, but is felt as an absolute grief in the kitchen. Jane's face, as she opens the front-door, is a sufficient indication to all friends as how things are with the "family;" and if you being very intimate, make any chance inquiry of Mary in the street, ten to one she will tell you

everything Mrs. Johnson has done, and exactly how she has looked, for a week past, ending with a grave, respectful remark, ventured in right of her own ten years of eldership, that she "is afraid missis is wearing herself out, and would you please to come and see her?"

And missis, on her side, returns the kindly interest. She likes to hear anything and everything that her damsels may have to tell, from the buying of a new gown to the birth of a new nephew. Any relatives of theirs who may appear in the kitchen, she generally goes to speak to, and welcomes always kindly. She is glad to encourage family affection, believing it to be quite as necessary and as beautiful in a poor housemaid as in a sentimental lady. Love, also. She has not the smallest objection to let that young baker come in to tea on Sundays, entering honestly at the front-door, without need of sneaking behind area-railings. And if, on such Sundays, Jane is rather absent and awkward, with a tendency to forget the spoons, and put hot plates where cold should be, her mistress pardons all, and tempers master's indignation by reminding him of a certain summer, not ten years back, when—etc. Upon which he kisses his little wife, and grows mild.

Thus the family have no dread of "followers," no visions of burglarious sweethearts introduced by the kitchen-window, or tribes of locust "cousins" creating a famine in the larder. Having always won confidence, Mrs. Johnson has little fear of being deceived. When pretty Jane can make up her mind, doubtless there will occur that most creditable event to both parties—the maid being married from her mistress's house. Of course, Jane would be a great loss, or Mary either; but Mary is growing middle-aged, and is often seen secretly petting Master Fred, as only old maid-servants do pet the children of "the family." Freddy says, she has promised never to leave him; and her mistress, who probably knows as much of Mary's affairs as anybody, does not think it likely she ever will.

The Johnson household is the best example I know of the proper relation between Kitchen and Parlor. True, Jane and Mary are estimable women, might have been such in any "place;" but I will do human nature the justice to believe, that the class of domestic servants contains many possible Janes and Marys, if only their good qualities could be elicited by a few more Mrs. Johnsons.

It is a clear but often unrecognized law of social advancement, that any reformatory movement must necessarily commence in the higher class, and gradually influence the lower. By higher and lower, I mean simply as regards moral and intellectual cultivation, which, continued through generations, and become a habit of life, makes, and is the only thing that does or ought to make, the difference between master and servant, patrician and plebeian. I, as Mrs. Thompson, descended from the clan Robertson, a very superior family, have a great deal more chance of being a lady than Peg Thompson, my nursery-maid, whose father, grandfather, etc., have been farm-laborers. But if, by any of her not rare freaks, Dame Nature should have placed

in Peg's uncouth body the soul of a gentlewoman, together with that rare quality of rising, which, in spite of circumstances, enables many refined minds to reach their natural level—if so, I shall not have the slightest objection to assist that desirable end in every possible way. Nay, even finally, it would be rather a pleasure to me some day to sit at table with Miss Margaret Thompson; and I would altogether scorn the behavior of that fine gentleman who once "cut" honest Dodsley the publisher-footman—of whom the meek old fellow only observed: "Yes, he knows me; I used to wait behind his chair."

But since the laws of nature and of circumstance have made me a mistress, and my servants, servants; have given me incalculable opportunities of becoming their superior—Heaven knows whether I am or no!—the only way in which I can prove this fact, and profit by it, is by trying to realize the proverb, that a good mistress can make a good servant. I believe this to be possible; while, as any one will own, it is impossible for the best servant in all the world to make a good mistress. The reformatory process, if needed, must commence with me.

Let me never lose sight of the fact, that my servants are women like myself—women with thoughts, feelings, habits, bad and good; with weaknesses, mental and physical; with aims and hopes distinctly defined, however limited; with a life here meant to be their school for the next life; with an immortal soul.

As duty is the great end and blessing of existence, one of my first duties to my maiden is to see that she performs hers—to exact from her, kindly but firmly, the strict performance of that amount of service for which she was hired. Nothing more. I have not the slightest right to more. I did not buy her, soul and body; I merely entered into a compact that, for just wages, she should do something she wished and was fitted to do; anything over and above which she does for me, is an act of supererogation on her part, which I am bound to receive with pleasure, as springing out of those kindly relations which place the whole human race on one level of love.

Then, as to her comforts. I know—as many of us sadly know!—the value of health myself. I don't see why the same sanitary laws that apply to me should not apply to her. I do not think I have any right—if I have a right to keep a servant at all—to make her sleep in an unwholesome bedroom, be it hot, smothery kitchen, or damp back-kitchen, or close attic without either chimney or ventilator. I have no right to despatch her on needless errands in pelting wet nights or burning summer-days. Not the slightest right in the world to keep her "on her feet" nineteen hours out of the twenty-four—sending her to bed at one A. M., and feeling surprised if she does not rise the next morning at six. There is no condition of physical health which I claim for myself that I ought not to grant to her, subject always to our different habits of life and constitutional requirements. Morally speaking, I most certainly am responsible, so far as my influence and authority extend, not only for her soul's, but her body's welfare. But if these ap-

pliances fail, and sickness come to her, as it comes to all, God forbid I should ever forget that she and I are alike his children.

You suppose, I dare say, Mrs. Smith, that it is against you that Emma or Betsey sins when she mimics your satins and laces in flimsy silk or cotton blonde; or, going a step further, actually flaunts in the very same materials you wear? not a bit of it; no more than if you were to purchase the same Cashmere shawl as Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland. Certainly you might; you would harm nobody—except yourself. So, whenever your maid-servant errs in buying unmeet finery, she errs *against herself*; lowers her own self-respect, and the honest dignity of her position, by trying to appear what she is not; wastes in shabby showiness the money which ought to be laid up against old age; loses the simple neatness of the serving-maid, and becomes ridiculous as the sham fine lady.

I have no objection to a pretty servant; on the contrary, it is rather a pleasure to see her about the house. But if she, whose total income is from eight to twelve pounds per annum, tries to make an appearance equal to myself, who justifiably spend thirty guineas a year on clothes alone, I will certainly show her, without any anger—poor thing, she does not harm me!—the extreme folly of such a proceeding. I would try to make her understand that, in her station as well as mine, true respectability lies in the woman herself, to which her mode of dress can add nothing, and may take a great deal away. But in this matter, as in most others, the mistress's personal example is at once the gentlest and the most infallible reproof.

Depend upon it, my dear Mesdames Smith, Brown, and Jones, that if you make a point of appearing at your breakfast-table invariably at eight A. M.—I will not insult you by supposing any later hour possible in your well-regulated establishments—there will be little fear of your finding Martha drowsily opening the parlor-shutters, or Sarah sulkily lighting the kitchen-fire; if, in all your prandial arrangements, you fix a convenient time, and are punctual to it, satisfied that, except on emergencies, it is quite as unjust to Cook to keep her dinner waiting, as it is for Cook to keep the family waiting dinner—you will not long have that indescribable nuisance, injurious both to health of body and quiet of mind—irregular, ill-cooked, uncomfortable meals.

Lastly, if when things go wrong, as in the best of households must happen at times, you, the mistress, are seen to take it quietly, reproving and remedying as much as you please, but still always *quietly*; never for an instant allowing yourself to give way to that "temper" which you would remorselessly condemn in your inferiors—will you have still to complain of the "impertinence" of servants?—I think not.

"How strange!" said a lady, once, in my hearing, to another, who was violently inveighing against the insolence of her domestics: "I never had a saucy speech from a servant in all my life."

A fact which, much as she wondered at, I did not—knowing her. The secret was simple

enough: she was a woman who had rule over herself, and therefore was capable of ruling other people. Out of her own conscientiousness she justly judged her inferiors, and her own weakness taught her lenity towards theirs. With all her individuality of ladyhood, her sympathies were wide enough to give her some meeting-point of interest with the meanest Cinderella that ever scudded slipshod across a floor; and her large charity could, even in the darkest picture of humanity, trace a little brightness—a little hope. Above all, she had the rarely feminine quality of being able—let the vexed question be ever so confused, and her own feelings ever so mixed up therewith—always to see clearly *the other side*.

It is this other side—the Kitchen-side—which I would have viewed more clearly, and more often in parlors; viewed as a question of simple justice, in which the one wide law of a common humanity, with its common rights, merits, and errors, is perpetually recognized. Not by preaching up an unnatural, unwholesome, and impossible equality; not, in any case, by lowering the position of the mistress, but by raising that of the servant. Small fear that, so raised, she will grow “above her place”—above the condition where her lot is cast, and for which she is best qualified. I have always noticed that the higher a man or woman rises in the scale of intelligence, the more both gain of that honest pride which

knows that it best respects itself, in respecting its superiors. There is no humility like that of wisdom, and no presumption like that of ignorance. I would wish to see every human being whom it has pleased Heaven to place in the ranks of servitude raised,—by moral example, by judicious and liberal education, and especially by invariable justice of treatment,—to that safe height of self-knowledge and self-respect which, alone, is true “respectability.”

“Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honor lies.”

Finally, I would fain refer to a higher Authority still; one, read unconsciously by my clerical nephew-in-law, on the very Saturday-evening when the gigot went down stairs; heard, unconsciously, by my pretty niece in her fireside arm-chair,—as well as by cook, housemaid, and nursery-maid, sitting apart by the dining-room door, in a white-aproned, respectful row;—an Authority which, among many others, society acknowledges with its lips, but would recoil in astonishment if expected to believe in, or still worse—to act upon. Did you ever, my dear church-going friend, think of the plain, literal meaning of these plain words: “For one is your master, even Christ: and all ye are brethren?”

From the American Agriculturist.
THE NEW MOWN HAY.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Talk not to me of southern bowers,
Of odors breathed from tropic flowers,
Of spice-trees after rain;
But of those sweets that freely flow
When June's fond breezes stir the low
Grass heaped upon the plain.

This morning stood the verdant spears,
All wet with diamond dew—the tears
By Night serenely shed;
This evening, like an army slain,
They cumber the pacific plain
With their fast fading dead.

And where they fell and all around
Such perfumes in the air abound,
As if long hidden hives
Of sudden richness were unsealed,
When on the freshly trodden field
They yielded up their lives.

In idle mood I love to pass
These ruins of the crowded grass;
Or listlessly to lie,
Inhaling the delicious scents,
Crushed from those downcast, verdurous tents,
Beneath a sunset sky.

It is a pure delight, which they
Who dwell in cities, far away

From rural scenes so fair,
Can never know in lighted rooms,
Perfaded by exotic blooms—
This taste of natural air!

This air, so softened by the breath
Exhaled and wafted from the death
Of herbs that simply bloom,
And, scarcely noted, like the best
Dear friend, with whom this world is blest,
Await the common doom—

And leave behind such sweet regret
As in our hearts is living yet,
Though heroes pass away—
Talk not to me of tropic flowers,
Or odors breathed from southern bowers,
But of the new mown hay!

OBlige PRONOUNCED OBLEEGE.—I have little doubt that this was the fashionable pronunciation of the word some sixty years ago. I am acquainted with one or two octogenarians, persons who pride themselves on their education; they always say *obleege* and *obleegeed*. In a spelling-book of the date of 1748, I find that the young ladies of that generation were directed to pronounce *farthing farden*, such being the fashionable mode of pronunciation. Times are changed; we only find *farden* now among the very lowest classes.—*Notes and Queries*.